


Christian Herald

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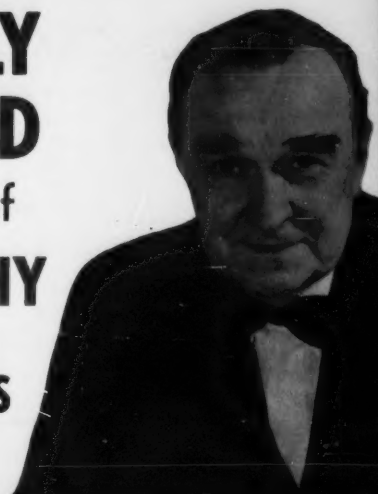
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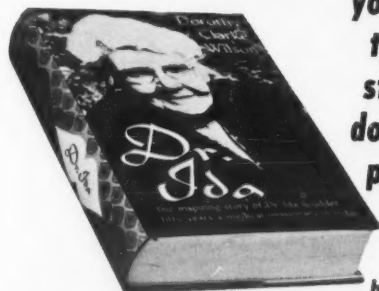
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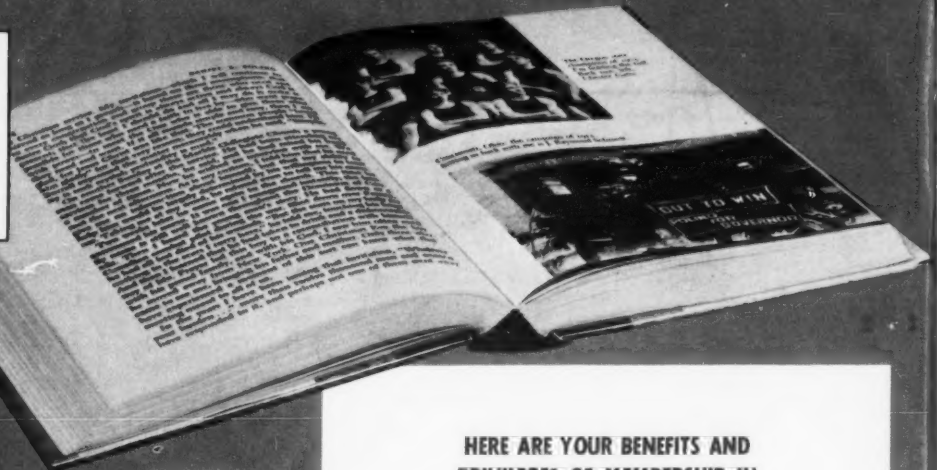
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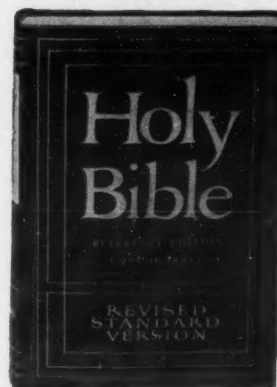
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DECEMBER, 1959

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational...dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy, co-operation with all who seek a more Christian world.

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Cover: Painting by Umberto Romano

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next month

The Pope's Ecumenical Council is scheduled for next year. What, if anything, does it have to do with Protestants? Church historian Kenneth Scott Latourette briefs you in brisk, readable style on the facts, tells how a pope happens to be in Rome at all, reminds you of what the other church councils have accomplished, answers the question, "Is the Roman Catholic Church the 'oldest' of the churches?" In short, Dr. Latourette tells you what you need to know in order to discuss this timely topic intelligently.

Mine Eyes Have Seen—concluding installment from Dr. Poling's newest book. As you notice, in December we depart from

the "timetable" to bring you the never-before-completely-told story of the Chapel of the Four Chaplains. Next month, as previously promised, you get the story only Dr. Poling's intimates have known—how he as a young widower faced the future with four children, and how a second wife and mother came into their home and hearts.

And don't miss these: We Imported a Baby—a childless couple tell the tender story of their adoption of a Korean G.I. orphan. ... **Ten Things to Do Before Tomorrow**—what you need to do today to assure your continuing good stewardship...and much more to start off the New Year right!

CHRISTIAN HERALD



**"Because my stomach
was 'nervous,'
my doctor started me on Postum!"**

"Sure, most everyone has a jumpy stomach before big occasions. But when I started to have one even on ordinary days, I began to wonder.

"I couldn't imagine why things weren't tasting too good—or feeling too good after I'd eaten. So, I went to the doctor. He examined me, then said maybe I was drinking too much coffee. He explained some people just can't take all the caffeine in coffee all the time, suggested I try Postum instead because Postum is caffeine-free.

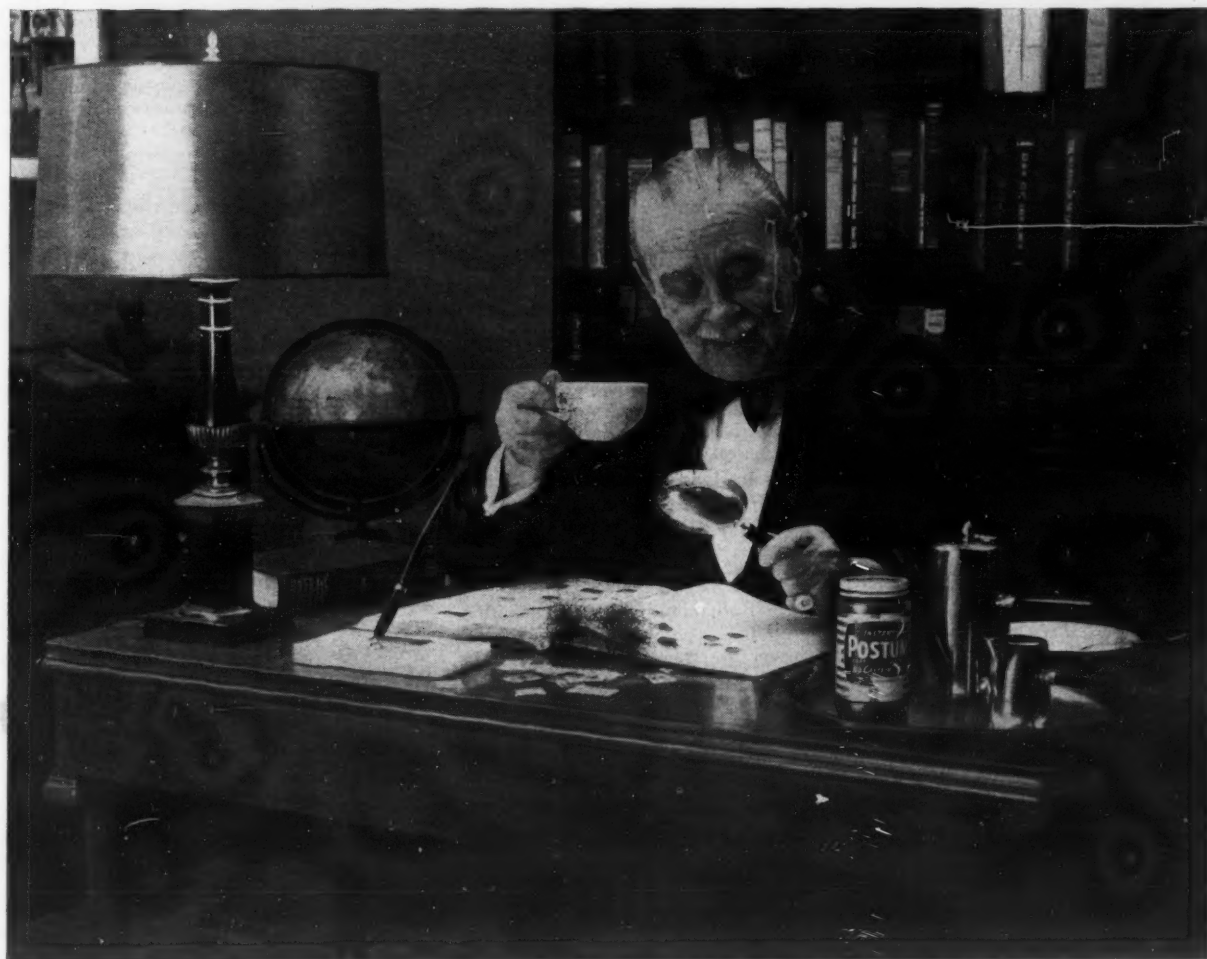
"I started drinking Postum and haven't had a jumpy nerve (or stomach) since. Why don't you see your doctor? Chances are he'll recommend Postum, too. You'll like it."

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DOCTOR POLING

answers
your
questions

Elijah and John the Baptist

Recently I was told that Elijah came back to earth in human form and was John the Baptist. Do you think so?

MISSOURI

L.D.

I find absolutely no authority anywhere for the statement that Elijah came back to earth in human form and was John the Baptist. No, I don't think so!

Bundles for Communists

I have learned that a Communist "parcel operation" under the direction and control of the Communist regimes of Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union is actually bringing to the international Communist movement millions of dollars every year. If this is so, is not the money a tribute levied against the friends and relatives of the subjects of the Kremlin?

NEW JERSEY

H.A.

Definitely yes! It is a blackmail operation. In April 1958, Mr. Milan Jakubec, president of the Mutual Co-Operation League of Canada, stated that the sum of 20 million to 30 million dollars is collected yearly by Soviet agents in Canada as customs duties on food and clothing parcels sent by Canadian citizens to the Soviet Union. He further declared that this money is used to finance the activities of Communists in Canada.

Also, the Committee on Un-American Activities for the United States House of Representatives has characterized this parcel operation as blackmail. The

Committee pointed out that the Communist regimes do not permit CARE to operate within the Soviet Union or the satellite countries. Instead, Communist governments maintain agents in the United States who collect duties and fees ranging up to 50 per cent of the value of the relief parcels sent behind the Iron Curtain by the American citizens.

Married Priest

I read recently in a Sunday supplement that in the city of Dearborn, Michigan, there is a Roman Catholic priest who is a married man with four sons and that he is allowed to continue as husband and father as well as to officiate as a priest. Is it possible that this is true?

NEW YORK

L.J.

Definitely yes! Since 1938, Father Peter Moga had been an ordained priest in the Rumanian Eastern Orthodox Church. In this church he was permitted to marry and father children. But in 1956, he was moved to change his beliefs and take up the Roman Catholic faith. He studied for the priesthood. After examination and with the approval of the Vatican, he was accepted as a priest. Because of his affiliation with what is known as an Eastern Rite of the Roman Catholic Church, Father Moga was relieved of taking the customary vow of celibacy. He is now assistant to the pastor of St. Mary's Church in Dearborn, Michigan. Unlike the pastor, Father Moga does not stay at the parish

house—he goes home nightly to his wife and four children. Protestants generally hope that eventually all priests will enjoy this privilege and right.

Memorial Books

We have a plan by which a book is placed in the church library as a memorial to each deceased member of the congregation. Could you advise me as to books that would be suitable for such a plan?

ILLINOIS

L.J.C.

I am sure that I could not possibly give you better advice than the counsel of the Christian Herald Bookshelf, "the book club you can trust." There are church and other organizations that subscribe to the club and receive the books regularly.

Duration of Job's Afflictions

As a Sunday-school teacher, I would appreciate your help in finding the answer as to how long Job was afflicted with his terrible disease. If you don't know, could you tell me where to find it?

INDIANA

L.M.F.

The exact duration of Job's trial and affliction is not known. On his intercession in behalf of his friends, the Lord turned the captivity of Job, and his prosperity once more returned to him. Seven sons and three daughters were again born to him, and his cattle and his substance became twice as much as they had been at the first.

Sunday Elections

Do you think our Government should hold national elections on Sunday?

IOWA

L.M.

I recognize the arguments in favor of this change. Particularly I am impressed by the fact, and the fact it is, that the ballot is sacred. I regard it as holy. On the other hand, there are obstacles in the way. The regular church program and the Sunday activities of Christianity are primary. They must not be interfered with. Already there are too many diversions and interruptions. No, let us not think favorably on this.

Christmas Without the Virgin?

Do you agree with the statement in the December issue of the Methodist Adult Teacher that the Virgin Birth is too technical and controversial for the Christmas lesson and should be avoided?

IOWA

C.K.

I do not.

Accidental Answers

I have known people, even ministers, who search for an answer to a problem by opening the Bible at random and accepting whatever they find in the first verse they see. What do you think of this?

NEW YORK

V.K.

I abhor the practice. It is haphazard and, to me, disrespectful. "Search the Scriptures" is the formula. The Heavenly Father expects us to use our intelligence.

Friendly Critic

Is the National Council of Churches Communist?

MINNESOTA

S.M.G.

This is another case where generalization is inaccurate and unfair. I have repeatedly taken issue with statements, resolutions and activities of the National Council of Churches, but I believe in the ecumenical movement. Whether I am accepted as such or not, I am a friendly critic. The great majority of our Protestant churches, and practically all of the larger denominations, save only one of the two largest—the Southern Baptist—are officially connected with the Council of Churches. The denominations belonging to the Council must accept final responsibility for what the Council says and does.

Beautiful Serpent

In a sermon on the radio recently a minister stated that the serpent in the Garden of Eden was originally a "beautiful beast." I find nothing in my Bible to justify the statement. What do you think?

NEW YORK

E.B.R.

I find nothing in my Bible to justify it.

Late Education

I am a young married man of 25, with two children and very little education, having gone only through the eighth grade and three years of Bible training through correspondence. I want to attend regular Bible college. I feel God is calling me to be a missionary. Do you know of any school I could go to? I have taken courses in a Bible School.

PENNSYLVANIA

D.M.R.

The young man asking this question should go to the Bible school in which he has taken courses for the information he now desires. Also he should talk to the pastor of his own church. At 25, even though married and with two children, there may be a larger place for him in this ministry to which he is called.

Mountain Orphanage

We are engaged in special work for children in the mountains of Kentucky. We are in need of a woman worker to help us. There would be little remuneration, save there would be living, with medical care, and \$10 a month spending money, but ours is a ministry of love and faith. Would anyone be interested?

KENTUCKY

M.W.

If anyone is interested, I shall be glad to forward the letters to the one asking this question.

Churches and Divorces

I am greatly troubled because of the announced increase in the divorce rate and the apparent inactivity of our

churches to stem this rising tide that can only spell disaster for the American home and American freedom. What more can we do?

NEW JERSEY

L.P.

This letter suggests that others may write letters too. More than letters is required now, of course. New Protestant activities are combatting divorce. At the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), representatives of two million members passed resolutions. These resolutions noted the fact that the soaring divorce rate had brought about an American marriage crisis. A broad program involving more premarital education, pastoral counseling and special courses in colleges and seminaries was recommended. This is a long step in the right direction. We commend it to all other denominations.

Catholics and the "Y"

Have you seen the two booklets published by agencies of the Roman Catholic Church, "The Reformation" and "YMCA, YWCA Not For Catholics"? What do you think of them?

OREGON

E.E.W.

I have seen them. They represent the case for the Roman Catholic. For me it is a sad and deplorable case, indeed. But Protestants would do well to read such publications as these to understand something of the program as well as the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. Needless to say, I widely differ from the claims advanced in these publications!

BOWERY MISSION'S NEW DIRECTOR

DR. Daniel A. Poling, Chairman and Editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD, has announced the appointment of Raymond J. Allen as Director and Pastor of Christian Herald's Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, succeeding the Rev. George L. Bolton, who died July 29 of a heart attack. Operated since 1895 by CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Mission ministers to the physical and spiritual needs of the homeless and destitute men who gravitate to Manhattan's "Skid Row."

Born in Jackson, Minnesota, Ray Allen served during World War I in the U. S. Navy, in the Army for a peacetime hitch, and in the Merchant Marine before and during World War II. Using his Navy training as a ship's cook, he opened his own restaurant in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and in 1928 took over the management of a diner in Brooklyn, N. Y. Liquor, gambling and the Depression made him jobless and for four years kept him drifting from one Eastern city to another.

"In October, 1933," he relates, "a policeman in Albany, N. Y., pointed me to the door of a rescue mission and said, 'Go in there or go to jail!' I went in—and that afternoon found God."

After staying at the Albany mission for two years, he returned to his home in Minnesota where he served in a country church and then began his own rural mission work in the northern part of the state. In 1940, he was called to head the Albany mission in which he had been converted. When the mission was forced to close at the start of World War II, Allen re-entered the Merchant Marine.

After the war, George Bolton recruited his assistance at Bowery Mission, where Allen became Assistant Superintendent in 1954.



**"I must
help the JEWS!"**

"Everything that I have seems going or gone—yet 'I Must Help the Jews':" thus wrote a child of God whose soul had been stirred to its depths because of the tragic treatment of the Jews throughout the world.

Dear Reader, will you, too, say—"I Must Help the Jews?" They are still God's people, beloved for the fathers' sakes. And because you have been born again you must love what He loves; and you know that He still loves Israel with an everlasting love.

"I MUST Help the Jews!" many individual Christians are saying. But, in the face of world crisis, the Church is silent. What a reckoning will have to be given to Him in whose veins flowed the blood of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! His blood-brothers of today in the Old World are driven, beaten and imprisoned; their children starving, their maidens ravished and mutilated.

This is an S.O.S. Israel's eleventh hour has struck. So swiftly moves world cataclysm that this may be the last call before the trumpet blows, and you will be face to face with a Christ who may look into your eyes and ask, What have you done for these, my brethren?

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.— TO THE JEWS, Inc.

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I do want to help the Jews. Here is \$
Use it as God directs, to make known the saving
power of the Lord Jesus Christ to Israel.

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LETTERS

To and From

The title, "Why Protestants Become Roman Catholics," (Oct.) must have been placed on the cover for extra publicity. I shall now look forward to an equal survey on why Catholics become Protestants with title also given extra publicity on front cover. You might start with me—why I left the Catholic church. I studied the Bible. . . .

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

M. MURPHY

. . . I was interested in the various reasons for conversion, as I am a former Roman Catholic. I feel sorrow that among the various reasons for Protestants leaving their churches I did not read that any of them have found a living, personal faith and peace with God. I started reading my Bible in a small Bible class some few years back. I cannot tell you how my heart leaped with joy and gladness as each page revealed God's love for me.

Uniondale, N. Y.

(MRS.) DOROTHY HANDLIN

. . . Please quote statistics on the other way around. I'm a convert from the Roman Catholic church.

Atlantic City, N. J. JAMES O. KELLY

● We did—in March when we published a report of inter-faith conversions in 14 cities, "Conversion Is Still a Two-Way Street." Also, a full-scale article, "Why Catholics Become Protestants," will appear soon.

From Prison

Enclosed is a check for the orphans you harbor in Hong Kong. The donation equals the amount of money given to me by the Children's Hospital for a pint of blood that God supplied and replenished. I do this in tribute to the four chaplains who gave all their blood when they gave their life preservers to four enlisted men when the U.S. *Dorchester* sank off Greenland.

Graterford, Pa.

HARRY DODSWORTH

"Auto" Suggestion

Apropos of the Jesuit priest in New York suggesting a prayer to start each auto trip (News, Sept.), for years my wife and I have always said, "God bless our going out and coming in, from this time forth, even for evermore," as we get into the car. As soon as the motor turns over I repeat it. Also when I get on the road I ask God that I might drive with patience the car that is set before me. I don't advocate vain repetitions, but these prayers seem to keep us in line.

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

J. FRANKLIN CLARK

Flying Saucer Mail

I enjoyed the article "Are We Being Watched?" (Aug.) and sincerely hope there is life on other planets, even though it be of such intellectual capacity and advanced development that it makes our civilization seem to be still in the Dark Ages. I do wonder just how many alien

space ships we here on Earth have actually sighted.

Springfield, Ohio JANET McCROSKY

. . . I think the article is timely and convincing. I have only one fault to find with it; I believe these space beings have landed on numerous occasions. I recently attended a Space Craft convention and we heard level-headed businessmen tell of not only seeing these beings but riding in the ships they brought here. At least we can all keep open minds.

Ceres, Calif. MRS. ETHEL M. STEVENS

● Ours are open but unconvinced.

Schweitzer

Is Albert Schweitzer a Christian? Yes! On what basis do I make this affirmation? Like the Apostle Paul, I believed for the very works' sake. I enjoyed Dr. Eastvold's article (Aug.).

Mount Union, Pa. MRS. C. K. KIDD

Better Late . . .

I'm now in my 98th year. Born in Illinois 85 miles west of Chicago and 12 miles south of Rockford. Married there in 1886 to Annie May Thomes. Moved to Iowa in 1891, 60 miles east of Omaha; lived their 18 years. Moved to South Dakota in 1909, at Hitchcock. Wife died there in 1926. In 1934 I packed my grip and started west and if it hadn't been for the Pacific Ocean I'd be going west yet. I landed at Livingston, California. Been in California for 25 years. I'm going to live to be a hundred years old; come and see. I'm hale & hearty yet but badly crippled. This is my first attempt at writing the department of Letters of CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Turlock, Calif. JAY WILLIS PRESTON

Unintended Offense

I am sure the editor and writers of CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot know how much pain is inflicted and how much bitterness must be endured because of such events as the Plantation Night and black-face minstrel suggested for Social of the Month in the October issue. The minstrel is obnoxious and the dialect stories of the "darkies" are not funny to decent people.

If some say that Negroes themselves join in, I will agree but I will tell you that the joining is only a pathetic bid for acceptance—an attempt to say, "Look, I am not hurt!"

Is it suggested that the church's young people should early be taught to hold dark-skinned people in contempt? We have made moves toward love and understanding. Let us see that our churches do not in the name of entertainment promote more spite and hatred.

Los Angeles, Calif. LORENZ GRAHAM

● We have been using a series of Socials-of-the-Month devoted to folk and national customs. We believe that Negro folkways belong in such a series. Far from suggesting that young people hold dark-skinned people in contempt, such folklore presentations rather glorify them and set them on high in the American scene.

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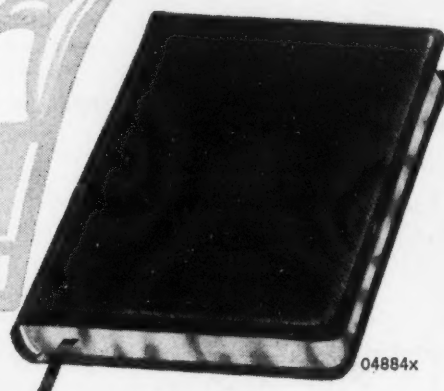
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"I Remember"

Selected by RACHEL HARTMAN

I gave a beggar from my scanty store
Of hard-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry, as before.

I gave the Christ, and through that Christ of mine
He found himself, a man, supreme, divine.
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

—Anonymous

From Veda Group, Sherman, Texas

*There is a hush that comes on Christmas Eve—
Life's hurry and its stress grow far away;
And something in the silence seems to weave
A mood akin to sadness, yet we say
A "Merry Christmas" to the friends we meet,
And all the while we feel that mystic spell,
As if the Christ Child came on noiseless feet,
With something old, yet ever new, to tell—
The eyes grow misty, yet they shed no tear,
And those that we have lost, somehow seem near.*

Margaret E. Bruner

There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
A call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
A highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
The lofty hill brought low,
Make straight all the crooked places
Where the Lord our God may go!
O Zion, that bringest good tidings,
Get thee up to the heights and sing!
Proclaim to a desolate people
The coming of their King:
Like the flowers of the field they perish,
The works of men decay,
The power and pomp of nations
Shall pass like a dream away.
But the word of our God endureth,
The arm of the Lord is strong.

from The Methodist Hymnal

From Kittie E. Lang, Cambridge, Vt.

I have no more gold;
I spent it all on foolish songs,
Gold I cannot give to you.

Incense, too, I burned
To the great idols of this world;
I must come with empty hands.

Myrrh I lost
In that dark sepulcher
Where another Christ
Died for man in vain.

I can only give myself,
I have nothing left but this.
Naked I wait, naked I fall
Into Your Hands, Your Hands.

John Gould Fletcher

From Mrs. John Batchelder,
Livermore Falls, Maine

What is your favorite quotation or
bit of verse? Include source and
author and your own name. Sorry,
no items acknowledged or returned,
and no original material used.

The door is on the latch tonight,
The hearth-fire is aglow,
I seem to hear soft passing feet—
The Christ child in the snow.

My heart is open wide tonight
For stranger, kith or kin.
I would not bar a single door
Where Love might enter in.

Kate Douglas Wiggin

From Linda Halstead, Rye, N.Y.

THE HAPPINESS of life is
made up of minute fractions—
the little soon forgotten charities
of a kiss or smile, a kind look, a
heartfelt compliment, and the
countless infinitesimals of pleas-
urable and genial feeling.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



OUR BROTHER HAS FALLEN...

*will you be the
one to help
raise him up?*

If you watch, you will see the people as they pass this drink-weakened man fallen in the streets of the Bowery. You will see the rich man hurrying on his way to his profitable business. You will see the good housewife busily occupied with thoughts of the day's shopping so that her eyes will not be offended by the sight of the man in the street.

Yes, it is this way now, even as it was in Bible times when Jesus spoke of the man who had been robbed by bandits and left to die. If you remember the story, it was the compassionate Good Samaritan who lifted him up and carried him to an inn—and even paid the inn keeper for tending to the man's wounds.

Jesus was talking about us, today. He was pointing out God's truth that every man is the brother of every man, and owes him an obligation. In telling the story, Jesus said that if we are to inherit eternal life we must act like the Samaritan. Jesus said: "Go, and do thou likewise."

In the Bowery many of our brothers have fallen through weakness of the flesh. Their hope of salvation rests with the Bowery Mission, doing God's work among the lost men of the streets. God needs your help *now* for the Bowery Mission. Everything we accomplish—every life that we save for society—every soul that we save in Jesus' name is completely dependent on your Christian charity—on *your* answer to the Master's commandment "Go, and do thou likewise." Our need is desperate. Will you mail your contribution today?

\$50.00 *will provide bodily and spiritual assistance for 60 desolate men*

\$10.00 *will help restore the strength and direction of 5 men*

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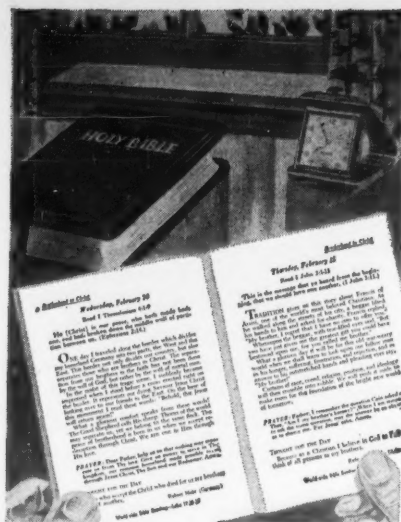
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(NOTE: The Bowery Mission is a non-profit organization. Your contribution is deductible on your income tax return.)

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The Upper Room

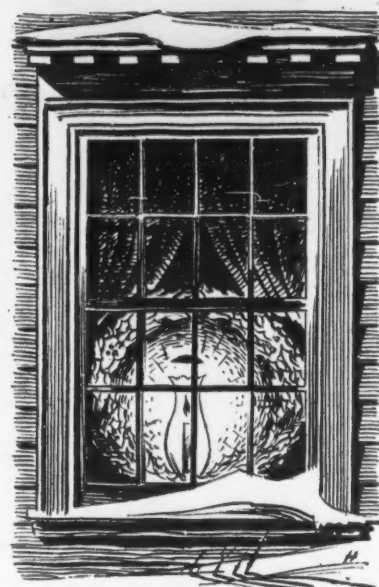
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CHRISTMAS EVE VISITOR

By RUTH C. IKERMAN



WHEN I asked my mother why families put a candle in the window on Christmas Eve, she told me there was an old legend which said that this was to light the way of the Christ Child into the house.

As a child, I had trouble picturing how the Christ Child could ever walk up to my front door. It took me a long time to learn to recognize Him in the people who did come to our house on Christmas Eve.

Even yet, I have difficulty sometimes. But a number of Christmas Eve adventures have sharpened my eyes. It is surprising what we can see when we are looking for it.

Sometimes my visitor is a peddler, counting on holiday hospitality and generosity to help him sell his wares. Since Mother used to try to buy whenever she could during this special period, I have fallen into the habit of tucking into the top drawer of the desk a bill sacred and secret for this gift from whatever visitor rings the doorbell.

Yet that visitor may not want money at all, but something far more priceless. He may come seeking just a word of companionship. Often the visitor brings a special gift for me which I may not recognize fully at the time.

One year my Christmas Eve caller was a little girl who lives on our street. She said she had just finished making "these beautiful pins of rickrack." Sensing that she needed money for a package for her own mother, I made a quick dive into the box and came up with a red pair which I thought I would tie onto a package for one of my loved ones who has a joyous Gypsy spirit.

But in the rush of Christmas dinner

preparations, I forgot, so the pins were pushed to the back of the drawer. There I found them one dark morning in March when life seemed dull and monotonous after a dreary bout with family illness. When I put on those homemade red pins, my spirits lifted, remembering the happy smile of the little girl as she pocketed her purchase price. Her Christmas Eve offering had been meant for this dull rainy day. Even as the Christ comes in disguise on Christmas Eve, so often do His gifts.

Always these gifts lead on to greater service in the New Year. I remember the stoop-shouldered woman with a shopping bag who took two garish butterflies from it. Their crepe paper wings were covered with gilt, and the body center had been fashioned from a clothespin.

Sticking to the preconceived rule that I must not turn away the one who knocks by the lighted window, I bought the butterflies. But there seemed no place to hang them even on the Christmas tree. Perhaps this time I had been wrong in my selection of the holiday purchase, I told myself sternly.

BUT the next summer a friend said to me, "I certainly do need something to keep my children busy and quiet while they get over this illness." I went to a box in the hall closet and pulled out the butterflies, found some bright paper, and robbed the clothespin bag. Such beautiful butterflies as her children designed in the stifling heat, improving on the original! For it is the way of love's gift to lead on to another.

A certain Christmas Eve I was frightened when I went to the door and dis-

CHRISTIAN HERALD

covered a rough looking stranger holding a nosegay of paper flowers. It was obviously true that he had not made these, no matter what he said. No doubt he had come out in a truck from the big city nearly a hundred miles away. Carefully shutting the door so he would not push inside, I went to the drawer and took out the folded bill and handed it out through the crack through which he shoved the flowers. I called myself a sentimental sissy for sure!

A few minutes later I remembered that I had not picked up a package from the village store and hurried down to get it. Through the steamy window of the lunch counter next door I saw this man at the counter greedily attacking a heaping plate of food. Obviously he had gone directly there after making his flower sale to me. Without realizing it, I had served him Christmas Eve dinner.

Eventually I took the flowers to one in a rest home, where I see them in a bouquet whenever I find time to call. Despite his rough exterior, the stranger on Christmas Eve brought the proper gift to brighten the pain-filled days of the one who daily enjoys the flowers he carried.

We are a part of each other in this life, and by being aware of the Christmas Eve visitor we can come to a new appreciation of life's kinship.

It is entirely possible for one who has much money to be in need of a gift on Christmas Eve. This was proved again to me a year ago on the night before the most beautiful day of the Christian year. My husband and I were about to lock up our paint store and go home when a man appeared at the door and asked if he could come in and sit down for a minute or two. We recognized him as a business acquaintance who in the year had lost his family in a tragic accident. "I came up to have supper at the restaurant in this block, and I can't eat," he told us simply.

He didn't want to come on home with us. He just wanted to talk for a few minutes. My husband and I talked about subjects far removed from our hearts—whether the move of a baseball team from New York to Los Angeles would result in greater or lesser crowds, the new freeway route just decided upon, the recent experiments in rocket flights.

Meanwhile the minutes of the clock on the wall ticked away, and I was painfully aware of the last-minute packages I had planned to be wrapping at home. Then I saw that this year my gift to the Christmas Eve visitor was not to be made in money but in the treasure of time.

When he stood up to leave he shook our hands and said, "Thank you, (Continued on page 48)"

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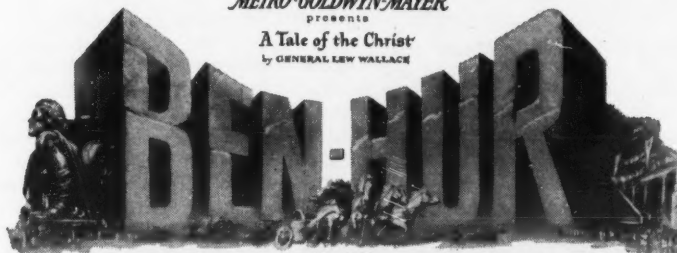
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GOD: The Khrushchev visit is old hat by now. His several references to God have been analyzed and psychoanalyzed. But, so far as we know, there's one angle nobody pointed out. We were all so busy looking at Mr. K. that we forgot to look at ourselves. Whatever Chairman Khrushchev's motivations in referring to God—whether it was the public relations or the subconscious in him coming out—he did at least give a kind of passing nod to God.

That was considerably more than most of the Americans around him did.

Khrushchev didn't even hear an invocation in a public meeting until the Rev. Howard Scharfe, Presbyterian pastor of Pittsburgh, asked the blessing at lunch. In New York, there were no invocations, out of "consideration" for the guest.

One thing, at least, was done decently and in order. President Eisenhower invited Mr. Khrushchev to church on the Sunday morning they were at Camp David, and when his guest declined, went on without him.

STRIKE: The interminable steel strike proved several things. The first was that strikes of this magnitude don't accomplish for anybody what strikes are supposed to accomplish. It takes years for a worker to recover in a ten or twelve-cent-an-hour-wage increase what he loses by going without wages for three months.

Second, management and stockholders lose. Backed-up orders never fully compensate for inefficient shutdowns. Furthermore, foreign suppliers gained customers here during the steel strike, and they're not going to lose all of them.

Third, government lost. What was supposed to be a last-ditch holdout to make democracy safe against inflation was itself inflationary. Lost steel production meant lost business. Lost business meant lost tax revenues. Lost tax revenues meant a greater budget deficit. A greater deficit means a bigger national debt. A bigger debt means more inflation.

NOW—? Steel is only one labor nettle. The Taft-Hartley injunction keeping dock workers on the job runs out in December. Then what? Railroad workers are getting set for a big, slam-bang strike about February. What about that?

Which side is right in any of these

disputes is a question as moot as you can get. But right now, when the game itself is at stake, who's on first doesn't seem to be very important. When the nation is fighting for its economic life, not to mention its literal, physical life, it doesn't make sense for everybody to stand around while two factions who can't arbitrate sooner instead of later, kick the props out from under.

Congress will inherit this one, just about for sure!

DIGNITY: Personally, we don't think that money is the issue in most labor disputes. It makes a convenient handle, it's a necessary commodity, but money alone is a mighty shabby pay-off. In the estimation of *this* working man, the neglected "fringe benefit" that causes a lot of the uproar is human dignity. How this applies in detail in steel, on the docks, in the railroad industry, we don't pretend to know. But we think it does apply.

A man has to feel that his job is important, that *he* is important. One way he can get that feeling is by walking out in concert with other workers and bringing the wheels to a grinding halt. "Let's see them get along without me, now!" he says to himself. And of course, they can't. Why not something that will show him—without a strike—that they can't get along without him? Why must he prove it to himself? Why doesn't management prove it, again and again?

When a worker sees the front office, or the boss sees the shop, as "they," trouble's brewing. When each sees the other as "we," there's little place for trouble to start. It's as simple as that. Even the constitution of the U. S. begins with that naive but magic, "*We*."

COY CANDIDATES: To reverse a maxim, "Ever'body goin' after the Presidency ain't talkin' about it." One of the paradoxes of the American way of life is that a man who wants to be a candidate must not act as if he wants to be. He must not, in other words, run. He must make it look as if he is being chased. Until late this year, at least, nobody was chasing anyone, and the possibilities were hesitating to make a break for it lest this early they get winded to no avail. So you had, on the Republican side, Gov. Rockefeller doing what you might expect a candidate to do, but as if he's simply touring the country to see the scenery. Mr. Nixon could afford to sit tight, handle his own job, throw in a, "Then I said to Khrushchev," once in a while.

On the Democratic side, there were at least a half dozen hopefuls. Almost monotonously, they played their own brand of musical chairs, waiting for the right moment to jump. A goodly supply of contenders is a healthful sign in one way. In another way, it's a drawback. No one of them has been having his image projected as Mr. Democrat. "We can't beat somebody with everybody," party strategists complain.

It (and a lot of other things, for that matter) will all come out in the wash, of course. You can count on this: the Republicans and the Democrats will each field a candidate, come next summer.

RACE TO SPACE: The state of the universe has been glumly admitted by Dr. Herbert F. York, in charge of U. S. military rocket programs. The Russians are simply getting there fastest with the mostest, and there's no use crying over unexpended research. For at least a few years, says Dr. York, "the Russians will always be able to put a somewhat bigger payload into space."

There's scant room for finger-pointing on this one. U. S. rocket development was cut back at the end of World War II as an economy measure. That was during a Democratic administration. In 1954 (a Republican year), the 1949 decision was reversed, but—against the recommendations of scientists, who wanted a rocket with 600,000 pounds of thrust—we put all our egg-heads into the cut-rate 300,000-pound basket. Today, we can go to the South Pacific, and the Russians can go to the moon. We are protected for military purposes. But our capability on the long shots is, says Dr. York, "acutely embarrassing."

Which means that the Russians will probably get a man in space before we do; set up shop on the moon before we do; even probe Venus or Mars before we do. We'll get there. But it's not easy to catch up with the fellow who stepped on the escalator before you did, even if you run up the steps. For he can run too. Don't be surprised if he runs like crazy.

ODOR: Assuming we had seen everything the commercialization of Christmas offers, we decided we were wrong when the announcement of "Myrrh and Frankincense, the Perfume of the First Christmas," arrived in the mail. In a strange meld of Phillips Brooks and P. T. Barnum, the release stated: "From the birthplace of the Saviour, little town of Bethlehem of the Bible

story, comes this delightful blend of ancient essence. Used on the skin it lasts for hours, and on furs it is irresistible. . . . Both myrrh and frankincense are of old world origin, formerly used in medicine, rather than in a beautiful woman's perfume. Now myrrh and frankincense have been distilled into a seductive, lasting fragrance of great appeal." The statement rhapsodically and rhetorically asks, "Why has no one ever done this before?"

Because, we suppose, no one ever has been so insensitively crass before. There has to be a first time for everything.

Offhand, we can think of only one pronouncement that would top this one. That would be for someone to offer this, too, as evidence of America's "return to religion."

COURIER'S CUES: This year, some 10,000 American tourists visited Russia; next year, the number may double. . . . Japan is limiting certain exports to U. S. to avoid clamor by American business for import curbs; latest irritant: transistor radios. . . . Survey of 300 hitchhikers by police in Globe, Arizona, showed that 84 had criminal records or were "wanted"—word to the wise.

For whatever comfort or dismay it offers: every second, a hurricane releases at least ten times as much energy as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. . . . Interest on home loans may go above 6 per cent; matter of supply and demand, and supply of mortgage money is short.

U. S. foreign aid is becoming a burden that's troubling Secretary of the Treasury Anderson; one angle of troublement—countries getting foreign-aid dollars have spent them elsewhere than in U. S. . . . On October 14, 1960, President Eisenhower will become our first 70-year-old President.

Have you noted how the cigarette companies are bringing out new brand names to suggest cool outdoorsiness? They don't like the "image" of hot, smoke-filled lungs.

Remember that Congressman in Indiana who put his front porch on the Federal payroll? He and his front porch are up to something else now: they're trying to get the Democratic Presidential nomination.

And this most significant cue of all: a star still shines, there's still a song of



BILLY GRAHAM AND HIS TEAM: The men behind the evangelist meet with him in Minneapolis to plan next year's campaign. Seated, l. to r.: Dick Ross, films; Cliff Barrows, music director; Dr. Graham; George Wilson, business manager; Ralph Mitchell, counseling; Grady Wilson, associate evangelist. Standing: Robert Fern, magazine associate editor; T. W. Wilson, associate evangelist; Willis Haymaker, crusade director; Larry Love, director of foreign crusades; Tedd Smith, pianist; David Barr, films; Joe Blinco, associate evangelist; Sherwood Wirt, magazine editor; Walter F. Smyth, associate evangelist; Edward T. Darling, team secretary; George Beverly Shea, soloist; Jerry Beaven, exec. dir. of crusades.

RNS

peace and goodwill . . . if you look . . . and listen. A merry Christmas to you.

abroad

PUDDING'S PROOF: Most of the time he was in the U.S., Mr. Khrushchev was a jolly old St. Nik. What has he been since? What will he be next week and next month? That's the proof of the pudding.

At short range, he did, for one thing, what he said he would do. He backed up President Eisenhower's announcement that the ultimatum on Berlin is out the window. (Of course, he had already got pretty good mileage out of that ultimatum, including a trip to the U.S.) This doesn't solve the Berlin "problem." It doesn't remove Russian pressure on the West to go home. It does eliminate the offensive "or else" clause.

Commendably, jamming of Russian-language broadcasts of the Voice of America stopped during the visit of Mr. K. and stayed stopped. Permanently?

Mr. Khrushchev told the Chinese Communists that international disputes should be settled by peaceful means. Pointedly, Mao refrained from seconding the motion, but Mr. K. did tell him.

There were other bits of evidence. Chairman McCone of the U.S. Atomic

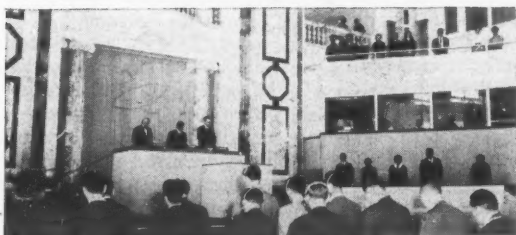
Energy Commission received a warm welcome in Russia where he had gone to inspect Soviet atomic power plants. The Soviet delegate to the U.N. proposed an international conference on space exploration. The Soviets joined free world countries in calling for a ban on military use of the Antarctic and a guaranty for unhampered scientific inquiries thereabouts.

All of which calls for polite, if not boisterous, applause. Observe that Russia is not giving anything away. Is it such a glowing "concession" when Mr. Khrushchev removes an obstruction he put there in the first place?

THEY BACKED MAC: "It has gone off rather well," said Prime Minister Macmillan in a massive understatement when his Conservative party swept into office for the third time in a row, to control the House of Commons by a margin of more than 100 seats (up from the previous 53-seat majority). What had gone rather well for the Conservatives had gone rather disastrously for the Labor party. An agonizing reappraisal is in order there.

Is there any meaning to it that will stand transporting across the ocean? Could be. For one thing, peace and prosperity was a winning issue. Mr. Macmillan was riding a wave of prestige. He could justly take a certain amount of credit for the Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting. And had he not himself broken the cold war ice by going to Moscow last February in his white fur hat? The outs didn't have anything much to be against. It's a lesson that won't be lost on their U.S. counterparts.

One other thing: public opinion polls took another beating. They had said it was going to be awfully close. They



PRAYER opens atomic energy meeting. Delegates to Third U.N. Atomic Energy Conference in Vienna observe moment of prayer before beginning sessions. Seventy nations, including the Soviet Union, were represented.

RNS

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were awfully wrong. That lesson won't be lost here, either.

WANE: While Mr. Khrushchev, Communism's traveling salesman, goes his way promoting what he calls socialism, socialism itself is losing its appeal in Europe. At the end of World War II, social democracy was the biggest thing on the scene. A Labor government (with a majority of 146) ruled Britain. In France, Italy, Occupied Germany and elsewhere, socialism was the wave of the future for tens of millions. This new concept of government, in part a reaction against the right-wing parties tarred with war, held out hope for nationalization of the means of production and distribution.

For most of Europe, socialism is no longer the bright hope of tomorrow, only the disillusioned dream of yesterday. Three successive defeats have just about shattered socialism in Britain. In France there are only a handful of socialist deputies left in the National Assembly. In Western Germany, the Social Democratic party has not been able to unseat Chancellor Adenauer. In Italy, socialist power had been whittled down. Only in Denmark, Norway and Sweden is socialism still a major political force.

SURPLUS: Like the weather, everyone talks about the U.S. food surplus but nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. If we try to give it away abroad or sell it at low prices, we're accused of "dumping" wheat or whatever and undermining the economy of the country concerned. Meanwhile, people are starving, granaries here are bulging.

S. K. Patil, India's new Minister of Food and Agriculture, has a plan for putting at least a small dent in what is for both his country and ours a tremendous problem. While people in India were going hungry, India was exporting food grains at a rate of 3 million tons annually. What India needs, says Mr. Patil, is a wider margin between the reserves of grain and the amount required to meet public demand. He proposes that the U.S. help in establishing such a reserve in India—that we, in effect, store about 4 million tons of our wheat surplus over there. It would remain U.S. property until drawn upon, then would be bought by India in the same way that other surpluses are bought. In ten years, Patil thinks India will have her food problem pretty well licked. The surplus deposit now would simply help guarantee a plentiful supply available on demand, and would discourage profiteering by speculators at the expense of the poor.

Sounds like a bold and creative plan. We predict Brother Patil's going to go far. Anybody who would even accept

the Food and Agriculture portfolio in India is an exceedingly brave man. Anybody who can dispel the always-hovering specter of an Indian famine is nothing short of a genius.

SKILL: No doubt about it, America has a vast pool of industrial talent and a labor force with a standard of living second to none. But we've got to admit that other countries have brains and ingenuity and enterprise, too. Maybe it's good for us to be jolted in that direction once in a while. Try these on for size:

Ranking second as world supplier of electronic calculators is—guess what country? France. *Compagnie des Machines Bull* is turning out data-processing equipment which, says *Fortune* magazine, is "matching U.S. machines in quality and beating them in price." In 1958, this outfit sold \$18 million worth of their machines, half of that to customers in the American dollar zone. Their "Gamma 60," to be out later this year, will, among other functions, be able to calculate a million times faster than a highly-trained human mind. In one second, it can effect 10,000 additions, 3,333 multiplications, 1,666 divisions. Our machines can do it too. The point is that theirs can do it too.

And from Italy, the Olivetti organization (typewriters, etc.) has bought a controlling interest in the American Underwood Corporation. Japan is putting together sewing machines for U.S. manufacturers. So it goes.

As Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca used to say, "Small world!" And it's getting smaller—and smarter—by the minute.

church news

BAPTIST: It's a little early to be thinking about 1964, but we can't help sparking to plans for a meeting that is even now being planned for that year. Observing both the 150th anniversary of organized Baptist work in North America and the final year of the Baptist Jubilee Advance, the proposal is that co-operating groups will hold their annual meetings in Atlantic City either just before or just after the massive jubilee celebration so that representatives of the Baptist denominations could meet together at one time. The seven co-operating bodies (American; Southern; North American; National, U.S.A.; National; Seventh-Day; and Baptist Federation of Canada) have a membership of more than 18 million. They won't all be together at Atlantic City, of course, but they'll be closer together than they have been since the days of Adoniram Judson and John Mason Peck. What a merger it would be if they did some day join ranks!

CHRISTIAN HERALD

JOINERS: The assumption that all "joiners" are cut from the same cloth, no matter what groups they decide to take up with, seems to be headed for the wastebasket. A new study shows there is a significant difference in the personality of participants in various groups, and the difference is tied to religion. Those who belong primarily to religious organizations look at things differently from those who are also members of Rotary or P.T.A., even though both belong to the same church. They have different opinions, attitudes, beliefs and values, says Prof. William W. Reeder, sociologist at Cornell University.

For example, persons who take part in religious activities are more conscious of following good health practices, such as sleeping regularly, having a good breakfast, refraining from smoking and drinking. Those whose activities center around non-religious groups place a higher value on, for example, the education of their children.

LUTHERAN: The Joint Commission on Lutheran Unity gave provisional approval to a revised tenth draft of the constitution for the proposed new church which will bring together United, Augustana, American Evangelical and Finnish Evangelical Lutherans. Only two "blanks" are left in the document: the name of the new church and the name of the church periodical. One of the constitutional articles especially caught our eye—that setting forth the "objects and powers" of the church. And of this section, the first two paragraphs seemed to us just about to wrap it up:

"This church lives to be the instrument of the Holy Spirit in obedience to the commission of its Lord, and specifically

"To proclaim the Gospel through Word and Sacraments, to relate that Gospel to man's need in every situation, and to extend the ministry of the Gospel to all the world."

"*This church lives to be—!*" Perhaps all denominations should take time out occasionally to redefine why they are in business. And perhaps all church members should do the same. Might bring us all up short.

LINCOLN: In that connection, we were interested—and concerned—regarding the intent of the Unitarians to sponsor the building of a memorial church in Springfield, Illinois, in honor of Abraham Lincoln. Plans for what is apparently to be called the Lincoln Memorial Church were announced by U.S. Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.), a Unitarian. He said the church will be "dedicated to the principles of America's noblest citizen." One Unitarian layman philanthropist has already

THE CHILDREN CALL HER "SAD TEARS"

Ok Hi's father was killed by a bandit. Her mother could not find work and became destitute, and Ok Hi's grandfather forced the mother to marry a man she did not love. The new husband would not permit her to feed her child, nor even to have her in the house. Little Ok Hi, just five years old, did not know where to go. She wandered up one street in Seoul, Korea, and down another, getting more and more hungry. No one paid any attention to her crying, for there were too many weeping, hungry children among the three million unsettled refugees in South Korea for anyone to do anything except to try not to think about her and add her troubles to their bitter own.



Ok Hi's mother found her and managed to get her into one of CCF's eighty affiliated orphanages in Korea, and now she has enough to eat, wears a clean dress and is well physically. But the other children call her "sad tears" because they cannot get her to smile. She still cries so often and so long—perhaps for her mother. At times, she shows she is an affectionate little girl, but she is still timid and very afraid. Ok Hi is only one of thousands of homeless children in South Korea. In fact, there are as many homeless children now as there were five years ago. Many are in worse shape right now than Ok Hi was when she was admitted to the orphanage. And now Korea is no longer on the

front pages and it is harder to get help for these children. But they can be taken off the streets and cared for in a CCF Home. The cost is the same as in all the countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.

For Information Write:

Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Richmond 4, Virginia

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐
for one year in.....
(Name Country)

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 year).
Enclosed is payment for the full
year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me
the child's name, story, address and
picture. I understand that I can cor-
respond with the child. Also, that there
is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to
help by giving \$.....

☐ Please send me further information.

Name

Address

City Zone

State

Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are
deductible from income tax.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 311 affiliated orphanage-schools in 37 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 30 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious. Children can be "adopted" in any of the countries listed below.

COUNTRIES:

Africa (Central), Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Chile, England, Finland, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, Taiwan (Formosa), Thailand, United States, Vietnam, Western Germany, American Indians or greatest need.

pledged \$10,000 for the church, plans for which architect Frank Lloyd Wright had begun to develop prior to his death last April.

Never a hand for "memorial" churches bearing names of saints or citizens either recent or long since gone, this reporter thinks it is particularly out of place to dedicate a church to anybody's principles other than His whose church it is. We've never understood why any church should be somebody's glorified tombstone.

COLLEGE: Proposed merger of two Kansas Presbyterian colleges 100 miles apart was emphatically rejected by the Presbyterian Synod of Kansas. The College of Emporia was formerly operated by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and Sterling College by the United Presbyterian Church. When the two denominations merged last year, union of the colleges was recommended. Dr. Luther Sharpe, president of Emporia, with an enrollment of 300, predicted that without the kind of stability unification might have afforded, "both schools will be dead inside three years." President William J. McCreery, president of Sterling (400 students) is "not quite so pessimistic."

How much support, we wonder, is the Synod of Kansas giving the two colleges? A church college has yet to die that was not first financially forsaken by its own denomination. Those who vote for survival had better ballot by check. (And not just in Kansas!)

RACE: Dr. Gardiner C. Taylor, Negro clergyman of Brooklyn and president of the Protestant Council of the City of New York, made a six-week preaching tour of Australia at the invitation of the Australian Baptist Union. He had something to say about race relations in the U.S., particularly the touchy, "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" side of it. Said Dr. Taylor,

"Amalgamation of the races by inter-marriage would take far too long to be even considered as a solution to the race problem."

He pointed out that of the 800 marriages he has performed in the last 11 years, only three or four have been interracial.

It looks as if white daughters (and Negro sons) are in no immediate peril.

IN BRIEF: A recent conference on spiritual healing held in Philadelphia was attended by 1,400 participants representing 32 denominations; the meet was sponsored by the Order of St. Luke the Physician, a Protestant Episcopal order. . . . An Anglican missionary reports he saw a flying saucer over northern New Guinea and that human figures on top waved back to him.

A Methodist Church report describes the last ten years as "a decade of phenomenal financial growth" in Methodist benevolent giving. . . . Billy Graham's African tour begins January 19; shorter crusades are planned for the future. . . . Spanish officials are considering drafting a charter to safeguard legal rights of Protestants in predominantly Roman Catholic Spain.

The East German church population of 14 million members in pre-Hitler days has dwindled to a million and a half practicing Christians. . . . Many religious leaders found themselves agreeing with Chairman Khrushchev in his criticism of the "Can-Can" view of Hollywood shown him. . . . Americans have spent almost twice as much on cigarettes in 1959 as they contributed to their churches, says U.S. Department of Agriculture. . . . Ohio's new state motto comes from Matthew 19:26: "With God All Things Are Possible." . . . The International Child Evangelism Fellowship has moved its general office to Grand Rapids, Michigan. . . . The first Jewish synagogue to be built in Madrid since the expulsion of the Jews

from Spain in 1492 is being planned. . . . World Jewish population, by the way, is now 12,082,000.

In Ohio, churches will have to collect sales tax on dinners and socials, the State Tax department has ruled. . . . Christian Endeavor's ninth Citizenship Contest is under way; closing date, March 1. . . . Next year a U.S. postage stamp will feature the Francis Scott Key quotation, "And this be our motto, in God is our Trust."

temperance

CUBA: Whatever else Fidel Castro is doing or undoing in his island empire, he's out to maximize museums and minimize liquor. One of his most recent steps was the slapping of a tax of 50 cents on a bottle of beer, more than \$1 on a bottle of rum, and up to \$1.80 on brandy, whisky and sparkling wines. This practically amounts to pocketbook prohibition. Explaining the new tax to a television audience, he said, "The abusive use of alcohol is as immoral as the use of drugs." And he frankly said that the object of the tax was to curb drinking, which had increased 300 per cent since January 1. Cubans and visitors last year spent \$100 million on alcoholic beverages. They spent \$15 million for rice, which is the mainstay of the national diet.

Castro told his television audience that he envisions lake and beach resorts where no liquor will be served; restoration of historical shrines; creation of floating gardens and museums. His critics claim that tourists in Havana aren't the type to be found puttering about archeological finds.

Well, maybe they will be now.

COCKTAIL TIME: Why is it that cocktails always *precede* the meal, and that cocktailtakers make almost a fetish of getting something substantial into their stomachs *after* the drinks? Once the alcohol has been absorbed into the system (and absorption starts as soon as it reaches the stomach and continues in the upper intestine), it's beyond the reach of any slowdown that food would offer it. If drinkers really wanted to retard the absorption speed, they would eat *before* drinking.

In any case, it is simply a matter of delaying, not changing, the amount of alcohol absorbed and its effect. As to drinking black coffee: alcohol is a depressant, and caffeine is a stimulant. The coffee will counteract that element of the alcohol to some modest extent, that's all. Exercise, if brisk enough to speed up bodily processes, will to some very small extent speed the departure of alcohol, but in a practical way is of little use. Only time is a cure. So says the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies.



NEW WCTU OFFICERS: Mrs. Fred J. Tooze, Portland, Ore., center, was elected president of National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at its 85th anniversary convention in San Antonio, Texas. Other officers named were, l. to r.: Mrs. Nellie Miller, Oakland, Calif., recording secretary; Mrs. Herman Stanley, Anderson, Ind., corres. sec.; Mrs. T. Roy Jarrett, Richmond, Va., vice-president-at-large; Mrs. H. F. Powell, Evanston, Ill., re-elected treasurer.

Editorially Speaking...

THE GREAT DECISION

CHRISTMAS is Homecoming and "I will arise and go" is its great decision. Decisions are made by every one of us every day. Some of them must be recalled, as, for instance, the rash decision of a young man to cross the street directly in front of an oncoming automobile. But there is one decision that has in it the touch of inevitable timeliness. It is universal in its application.

For me, it was voiced first in the immortal parable of the prodigal son when the young man said, "I will arise and go." He had claimed his inheritance and set out for happiness and success, but he landed in a pigsty. When at last he came to the end of his resources and made his great decision, he was motivated by two compulsive motives—an empty stomach and an aroused conscience. It was his good fortune to have a forgiving father waiting for him, to have a destination with an open door and a homecoming welcome. It was a Christmas return.

Today, I have been returning to some of the decisive moments of my own life. I have just heard a story that has misted my eyes and thickened the cords of my throat. One of America's most famous clergymen, worthily famous, who by all the tests is "Minister to Millions," has an only son. The young man, a seminarian, has just gone to his first student pastorate. Today, he is filling that pulpit for the first time. Thirty-seven years ago, his father, a young seminarian then, went to that same little New England church, his first student pastorate.

As I have been sitting with my memories, I have journeyed back across half a century to an evening on the Oregon coast, when with two friends I knelt in the shadow of a sand dune and as the sun sank into the Pacific made my great decision.

It all stands back upon that choice that is comprehended in five words, the Christmas Homecoming choice, "I will arise and go."

"INCREDIBLE EFFRONTERY"

IN the November issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, my editorial, "Incredible Effrontery," appeared on the Question and Answer page. In it, I dealt with paragraphs appearing in the 1958 *Yearbook and Annual Report* of the Board of World Missions, Presbyterian Church in the United States. These paragraphs were titled "Do Your Relief Work Through Your Church" and in them ten organizations, including CARE, World Vision Inc., Foster Parents Plan, Christian Children's Fund and American Korean Foundation, were singled out as "unofficial agencies which cannot be recommended."

They were charged as "not worthy," "over which no control is possible." They were charged with "ex-

cessive administration costs" and as doing "comparatively little service for the needy." And then this amazing statement, "It can be stated categorically that the churches working together through Church World Service are doing a better relief job than any secular agency can do or is doing." That entire statement seemed a palpable and unfair effort to control the last dollar of the denomination's giving.

Editorially, I came to the support of these agencies, stating that with at least five of the ten I was personally acquainted both at home and overseas. I denied the charges as made and called attention to the fact that among these agencies are those that came early into the field of human relief and that they were operating with amazing efficiency over the whole hungry world long before denominational operations were able to make their first beginnings. Also, I specifically urged that members of churches support their own churches first.

Already I have had heartening encouragement particularly from outstanding members of this great denomination. A former mayor of the capital city of a Southern state is among these. Also, an author nationally and internationally famous, and finally one of the outstanding Christian educators of the South whose letter concludes, "I have from time to time supported CARE and the Foster Parents Plan and perhaps others of these agencies. I appreciate your statement and feel that it is warranted."

I repeat now the conclusion of my editorial of last month: "The least that may be done in Christian justice and good will is to apologize and retract."

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, SPANISH STYLE

IN Madrid, Spain, on October 3, 400 Spanish Protestants packed a court where a Baptist minister was charged with breaking into his chapel after it had been closed and sealed by the authorities. The Reverend José Nuñez, 38 years old, was the Baptist minister under charges. The prosecution asked for three months in jail and a fine, equivalent of \$42.

When the pastor's lawyer cited Article 6 of the Spanish Bill of Rights that "no one will be molested for his religious beliefs nor in the private exercise of his religion," the judge told him to confine his comments to the actual case.

The New York Times in its report on this trial remarks, "Abrupt and unexplained closings of Protestant chapels are not uncommon. Often they arise from complaints by Roman Catholics that efforts are being made to attract converts."

It has been written that Spain is more Catholic than the Vatican. Certainly by all the free tests known to man, Spain continues to be a place of almost unmitigated religious persecution and slavery.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Christmas Sky

is a little more crowded this year. But, then, always men have been reaching for the moon instead of for the stars. And always Christmas has been a time of competition between good will and ill will... between giving and grasping... between hoping and hating.

That first Christmas, too.

There was shut-outness as well as togetherness... hysteria as well as elation... scheming as well as singing... fear as well as faith. The first Christmas was a time of suspicion, tension, cold war.

In fact, the biggest wonder about that first Christmas was that it could happen at all!

Maybe we have to do now just what shepherds and kings and innkeepers had to do then. That is, sort things out for ourselves... choose what we propose to see more clearly... make up our minds what we intend to hear more keenly... decide, in a word, whether to spell life "scared" or "sacred."

We have to do that for ourselves.

The first Christmas was the beginning. What about the wonder of this 1959th Christmas (give or take whatever the historians require)? If you tried to choose a more unlikely setting in which to promote peace and good will than this present year, you'd have a hard time of it. Therein lies the wonder repeated... that the dark places of our fears and the snug little rooms of our self-centeredness can be lighted up with good will at all.

That couldn't be accomplished merely by the shouts of Christmas hucksters who have latched onto the coattails of a good thing. No one could simply drum up Christmas-- not in a year like this!

And when you stop to think about it, hasn't every year, in its own way, been "a year like this"? The whole 1959 of them? Not much that was hospitable to Christmas in any of them. Yet, Christmas came, and came again and again. Coming, it brought a holy hush.

The hush never lasted very long, of course, and it won't last long this time around. Christmas gets itself packed away along about the second week in January. But enough of Christmas lasts, in enough hearts, to kindle the next one around the end of November. Enough always has.

While the hush is here, while we think the thoughts that mean most, we of the far-flung Christian Herald family think of you. It's our wish that the Season may be for you a happy time-- made even happier by your warming memories of happiness you have brought to children at Mont Lawn, to discouraged men on New York's Bowery, to orphans in the Far East, to senior soldiers of the Kingdom at Memorial Home Community.

Their wish and ours --
God bless you!

And as the new year unrolls-- however awesome, exciting or diverting it turns out to be-- let us remember together that it, too, will take its significance and its very name, 1960, from the quiet, wondrous, inescapable fact of Christmas.

*The fragile china held
fruit cake...and memories.
It helped a bereaved family
re-discover Christmas hope*

SUSAN held the plate tightly, closed the door of the corner cupboard and stood for a moment looking at the table. It was set as it had been for all the Christmases she could remember with gleaming white linen, heavy cut glass tumblers, the gold-banded Haviland china and shining silverware. Even the centerpiece, a single large red candle surrounded by sprigs of fragrant evergreen, was traditional in the Hamilton family. But it was the plate in her arms that, more than anything else, symbolized Christmas—the holly plate that had been one of Grandmother Eastin's wedding gifts, lovingly passed on in time to Susan's mother. Today, as on some fifty Christmases gone by, the holly plate would be filled with pecan cake, made by a recipe older even than itself.

Yes, everything would be just the same as always. And yet, nothing would ever be the same again, Susan thought.

In the kitchen old Annie was singing a lively hymn. She's putting up a front, too, thought Susan. That's what we're all doing today.

"The turkey's done to a turn," said Annie, breaking off her singing. And then, almost belligerently, "Who's goin' to carve it?"

The lump in Susan's throat grew. Mother had always done the carving, here on the kitchen table by the window. Often she had complained of Dad's ineptness as a carver, wishing that the turkey might go to the table in a state of whole perfection to be sliced and served by the head of the house.

"My Bill's an (Continued on page 24)

By HELEN R. LEWIS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN GRETZER



THE HOLLY



PLATE

GRIEGER



THE LAMB

He heard the small cry in that night,
So like his own—a trembling bleat,
That he must answer by the right
Of newborn lambs when they first meet.

He teetered up on wooly pegs
And tottered to the manger-crib,
Where pink-bead toes and kicking legs
Put tickles to his fleecy rib.

His tail flew fast at what he saw;
He thought it not at all so odd
That one with whom he shared his straw
Had wrinkled up his nose, and baaed!

As Mary knelt beside the bed,
He looked with pride at father-ram,
And baaed and baaed at what she said,
For she had called her baby, "Lamb!"

—Ralph W. Seager

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

By John C. Slemph

When Christmas comes, all gay and bright,
And carols fill the chilling air,
We roll back time to see the light
That shone o'er Bethlehem so fair.

We go with shepherds in the night
To see the Christ child in his bed,
As Mary, Joseph, all delight,
Make smooth the straw beneath His head.

We kneel before this wondrous sight,
As men have done in other years;
And, lo, our many cares take flight,
And comes release from all our fears.

But when the Child becomes the Man
Who walks and talks in Galilee,
May He include us in His plan—
Depend upon us, you and me?

At Christmastime we have no fear
That less will be our loyalty;
But as the weeks become a year,
Will Christ the Lord our Master be?

BETHLEHEM

(House of Bread)

Bethlehem—the "house of bread"—
How well your ancient founders named
Their little town, long years before
A hopeless world aroused and claimed
You as its own: the cradle of
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love.

Here His famed foresire, David, too
First saw the sun arise;
Here the beloved Rachel rests
Beneath the deep Judean skies;
And on your vine-clad hills the dust
Of many an honored prophet lies.

But your renown is not of these.
Your fame is of a lowlier One
Denied a birthplace other than
A stable: Mary's holy Son.
Yet, it was in His heart lay furl'd
Immortal love for all the world. . . .

This is My body, broken for you;
Take, eat, and ye shall be born anew,
Said the Bread of Life. How wise of them
To have named His birthplace Beth-lehem.

—Marion Doyle

expert, Annie," said Susan, "although I can't imagine where he learned. Maybe that's another of the things the Army taught him."

"Want he should carve at table?" the older woman asked.

"No, let's have him do it here. Then you can serve it as you always do. Dad wants everything the same as usual to-day, Annie."

"But it's not the same, Miss Susan, so what's the use pretendin'?" Annie turned from the stove to face Susan. Your father's like a man sleep-walkin'. Tommy's changed so a body wouldn't know him, and as for that high-and-mighty young sister of yours—well, it's a Lord's blessing she's away at college most of the time. I couldn't stay in the same house with her long!"

Susan went to the woman and put her arms about her. "Please Annie. Things will get better—everyone says so. We will have to make adjustments. But right now we've got to get through today. You'll have to help us, Annie."

Annie wiped her eyes and straightened her shoulders. "You're right, honey. Let's get through one day at a time." Carefully she lifted the turkey onto its big platter. "But you're the only one who can really help, Miss Susan. Why don't you and Mr. Bill come here to live? There's room in this big house—more than in that little doll's apartment where you're livin' now. You can run things here like your mother did, with me to help. And when your baby comes—" Annie's eyes slid to Susan's full figure—"why, a baby in the house will make a lot of difference, honey."

"It's what Dad wants me to do, Annie, but I'll have to think about it." She had been thinking about it for a week now. Even when she slept, Susan realized, the problem was nagging at her thoughts. Dad had come to their little garage apartment across town last Friday night to bring Barbie's letter. Bill was at the radio station working and her father had sat quietly as she read the brief and hastily scrawled message from the sister who was four years her junior. A house party at Ashhurst; a big dance in Lexington; some of the crowd were planning a quick dash to Florida during the holiday—"I might not get home for more than a day, Dad dear, but I'm sure you'll understand. Instead of a lot of presents why not just send me a check—"

Susan folded the letter carefully and replaced it in its envelope, wondering if she should give voice to the hurt and resentment that were rising within her. But it was her father who spoke.

"Susan, we can't let the family fall apart."

Susan saw the new lines in his face.
(Continued on page 71)

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN

A Sanctuary of Brotherhood

By DANIEL A. POLING



ONE afternoon during World War II, in the course of one of my overseas missions for President Roosevelt, I arrived at our great air base at Natal, Brazil. The senior chaplain there was an old friend on mine, Rev. Sam Overstreet. I had broken the band of my wrist watch, and I told Sam I would be grateful if he drove me into the city so I could buy a replacement for it.

As he shook his head, I noticed that he was grinning. "Sorry, Dan. This is Friday and I'm about to conduct the Jewish service for Father Ryan."

In response to my startled query, Sam explained that there were seventy-two Jewish boys on the base but no Jewish chaplain or resident rabbi. To fill the need, he and the other Christian chaplains were taking turns in bringing the Jews their spiritual message. "This was Father Ryan's day," Sam told me, "but he is ill so I'm taking his place."

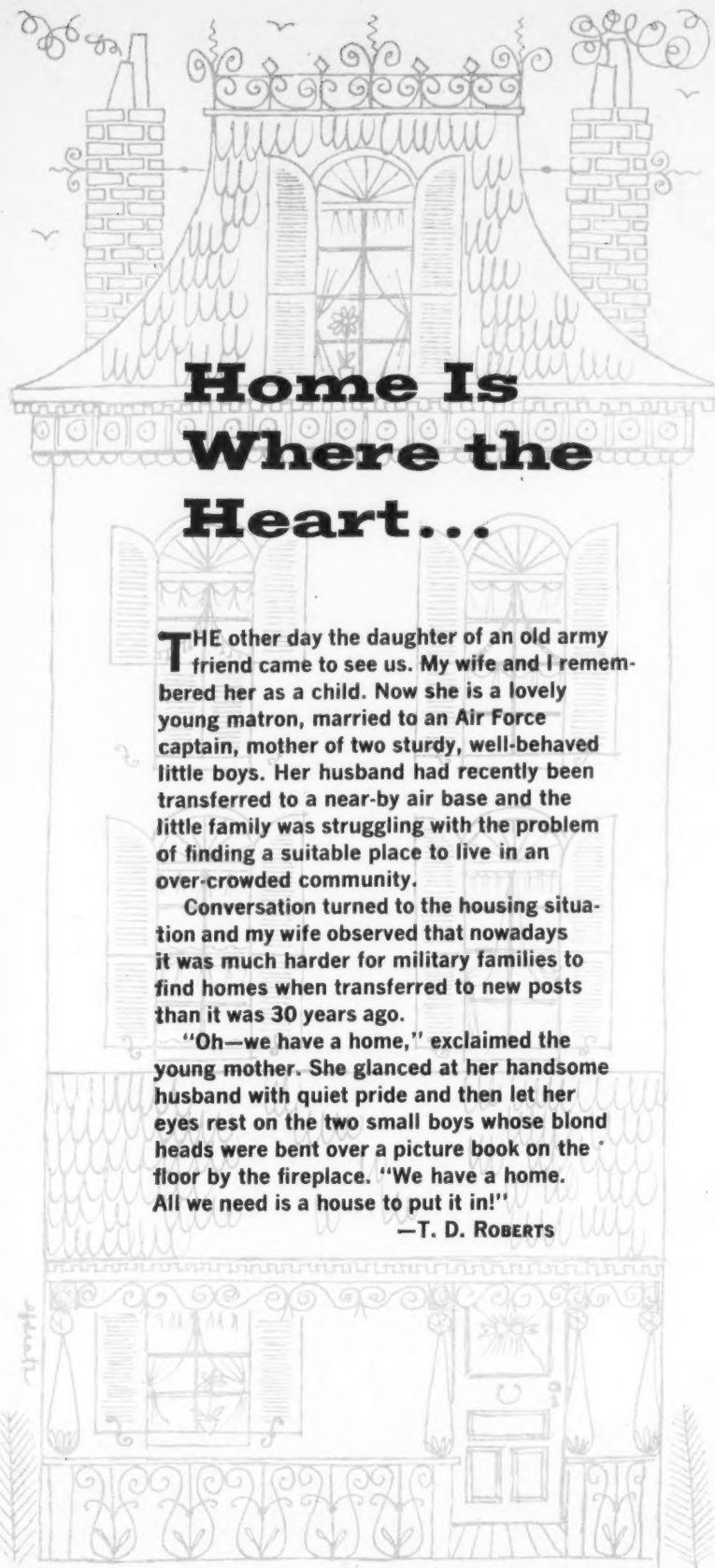
Well, I was no longer interested in going into Natal. I stayed right on the base and watched a New England Baptist preacher conduct

(Continued on next page)

Adapted from a chapter in Dr. Daniel A. Poling's *Mine Eyes Have Seen*, just published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. © 1959, Dr. Daniel A. Poling. December selection of *Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf*.

The Chapel of the Four Chaplains—the inside story is encouraging . . . and disturbing.





Home Is Where the Heart...

THE other day the daughter of an old army friend came to see us. My wife and I remembered her as a child. Now she is a lovely young matron, married to an Air Force captain, mother of two sturdy, well-behaved little boys. Her husband had recently been transferred to a near-by air base and the little family was struggling with the problem of finding a suitable place to live in an over-crowded community.

Conversation turned to the housing situation and my wife observed that nowadays it was much harder for military families to find homes when transferred to new posts than it was 30 years ago.

"Oh—we have a home," exclaimed the young mother. She glanced at her handsome husband with quiet pride and then let her eyes rest on the two small boys whose blond heads were bent over a picture book on the floor by the fireplace. "We have a home. All we need is a house to put it in!"

—T. D. ROBERTS

a Jewish service for a Roman Catholic priest. And to give Sam credit, he did a convincing job in his unaccustomed role. The boys themselves conducted the ritualistic part of the service with proper Jewish observances but Sam gave the sermon. Though informal, it was for me an extraordinarily inspiring service.

As my travels continued, in war chapels all over the world I saw men of the three major faiths worship freely under the same roof, each man's group taking its turn. There were times in the battle areas when Protestant and Jewish boys died in the arms of Catholic chaplains; there were occasions when Protestant and Jewish chaplains gave a modified form of the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church to dying soldiers of that faith. There was an exhilarating spirit of unity in all this—a spirit that I hoped would be carried into the postwar period. To me, it seemed that this lesson was one of the greatest incidental benefits that might come out of the war.

In 1945, after Japan had surrendered, the interfaith group my wife had founded when we moved to Philadelphia, Religion in Life, held a meeting in that city in one of the clubrooms of Christ Church. I presided that night and introduced three speakers.

An eloquent young Jew, a lieutenant commander in the Navy who was now completing his law course at the University of Pennsylvania, spoke first. He was followed by a Protestant chaplain who was convalescing from war wounds at Valley Forge Hospital at Phoenixville. The third speaker, a Roman Catholic, was a G.I. student at Villanova College. Arriving late, he listened to the Protestant chaplain from the rear of the room. Then he hurried to the platform. When he pushed by the hand I extended in greeting, I turned in some surprise and watched him and the chaplain embrace.

A few moments later the Villanova boy told the interfaith gathering the story behind that happy reunion. He was one of the poorest public speakers I had heard in a long time. He was ill at ease. He spoke haltingly. Yet what he said will always be with me.

"It has been eighteen months since I last saw my chaplain. Then I was looking up at him from a stretcher on Utah Beach. He had lifted me onto that stretcher, and then he helped lift that stretcher into an ambulance. A little later he got his. Now we are together again." As the young man went on with his speech, his eyes filled with tears, and I saw him trembling with emotion. "Men and women, in those days we were not Catholics and we were not Protestants and we were not Jews. We did not ask, 'Are there Jews

(Continued on page 48)

TED REED



By LOU MYRTIS VINING

Grandma's Our Big Dividend

JANET met me in front of a store downtown. "Lou," she said, "I've been meaning to call you. I thought you might help me with my problem. My mother's coming to live with us—and," Janet hesitated, "I knew your mother had lived with you for years."

"Janet," I answered, "You may not have a problem. If you'll let her, your mother may help your family more than you could ever help her."

Statistics offer no accurate account of elderly relatives who live with younger families. But stop and look around you as we've looked around us: *Jim's mother, Ann's father, Trina's mother and father, Bill's aunt*; and so it is with all neighborhoods. I offer our experiences in the thought that other families may reap the good they might not have considered from their eldest members. Deeds and words have blessed our home since "Miss Allie," as our friends call my mother, came to live with us.

For though Miss Allie represents her own period of time

and thought, so will other loved ones, older or younger, represent theirs. And it is upon such shared experiences of talking, walking and baking our bread, that families, communities, states or nations must stand or fall.

Miss Allie is now eighty-five. She has lived with us for nineteen years. But since yesterday is only one day away, let's begin with her yesterday's influence in our family's life.

"Hand me the mace," Miss Allie said about ten o'clock in the morning. "I want to get through with this pound cake."

"Can you wait a moment, Mother?" I asked. "I'm busy."

"I can but I'm not. After all, you are taking this cake to your friends."

Miss Allie's pound cake was a small love gift to a couple who had housed over-flow guests for us a week ago. Her pound cake is an old-fashioned recipe handed down through generations of good and bad cooks.

Friends who have asked

(Continued on page 44)

All wheat-colored hair and wisdom, she never went to college but she knows her Bible; and she has a cure for nearly everything

What Was the Star of Bethlehem?

By HERBERT W. CORNELL

WHAT was the star of Bethlehem? Does the account given in the second chapter of the Gospel of Matthew have a scientific explanation?

For centuries astronomers have been asked this question. Many of them have preferred not to answer; others have given various theories involving serious difficulties. Yet the most probable and reasonable interpretation is well known among scientists, and it does not in any way detract from, or contradict, the Gospel narrative. Rather, it reinforces and enriches the narrative.

Leaving aside the rationalistic view that the star is a mere legend without historic basis (a theory which must be rejected by most Christians not so much on critical grounds as on the basis that it is contrary to their own spiritual insight and Christian experience) we have three possibilities.

First, that there was a real physical phenomenon which was miraculous in its origin and therefore not within the domain of astronomy. Aside from the fact that modern scholarship prefers a natural to a miraculous explanation, there is the difficulty that Herod and the scribes and chief priests did not see the star. They had not even heard of it when the Magi made their inquiry. There is no mention of any attention being attracted to it among the people of Jerusalem or of Bethlehem. Only one of the four Gospel writers mentions it.

Second, that the star was not a physical phenomenon but was a vision seen by the Magi alone—a spiritual rather than a natural reality. Such an explanation may be rejected as being contrary to the spirit of the Biblical narrative. The journey of the Magi would never have been impelled by a mere phantom.

Third, that the star of Bethlehem was an astronomical reality whose explanation may be sought in modern science.

This last is by far the most probable explanation as well as the most acceptable, but there have been widely divergent theories as to what constituted the "star."

The Greek word *aster* did not necessarily mean a single ordinary star, such as Sirius or Vega. This was especially true in the later, or Hellenistic Greek of New Testament times. The word was an elastic one and included any celestial object or configuration. Among other meanings, a comet, a phenomenally brilliant meteor, a nova and a supernova have been suggested. Yet anything so unusual, and conspicuous enough to inspire the journey of the Magi, surely would have been known to King Herod and to the scribes and chief priests of the Jews before the Magi arrived.

Venus, most brilliant of the planets, has been suggested, but Venus is visible for a large part of every year. Its motions among the constellations were well known to the ancients. Its familiar appearance could not account for the journey of the Magi.

The Magi were not astrologers in the modern sense, though they have sometimes been so represented. They did not cast horoscopes or foretell personal "fortunes." They were students of the movements of the planets among the fixed stars, and they saw mystic meanings in these movements.

An unusual configuration or series of configurations of certain planets could well be the true explanation of the Star of Bethlehem, and the more unusual it would be, the greater would be the probability of the explanation.

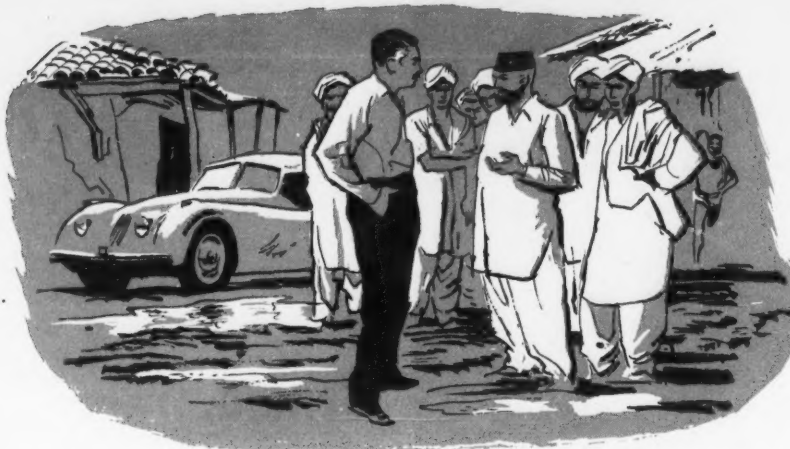
Such a configuration did indeed occur.

It is not difficult for astronomers to calculate the positions of the planets for any particular date in ancient times. The real difficulty is that we do not know the date of the birth of Jesus. We definitely know that our calendar is in error by several years and that the birth of Jesus took place between four and eight years previous to the beginning of what we now call the Christian Era.

(Continued on page 30)



**Behold,
there came
wise men
from the east
to Jerusalem,
Saying, Where
is he that is
born King of
the Jews?
for we have
seen his star
in the east,
and are come
to worship
him.** MATT. 2:1-2



Return to Zindpur

By PEGGY and PIERRE STREIT

THE black car drew up among the mud huts of the small Indian village of Zindpur, and United States Congressman Dalip Singh Saund alighted. A group of village elders, their thin, sinewy arms glistening with sweat from a vicious noonday sun and their gray-white dhoties wrapped about their loins, closed in about him. They were sullen and resentful as they began an interview that was to revolutionize the life of their little village.

Dalip Singh Saund, elected to the House of Representatives from California's 29th district, was back visiting in his native India. His day had been spent with a young Indian Community Development officer and an American Foreign Aid official, inspecting Indian villages. It was in a community such as these that he had been born and now after an absence of 37 years he was eager to discuss their problems and see how they were faring under India's Rural Development program. This is a government-initiated project which seeks to help the villager help himself, and Saund had just come from a village which had responded handsomely to it—where a new well, road and school had been built by the peasants.

But in Zindpur nothing seemed to have changed. Like many of India's 560,000 villages, it was still a miserable, squalid, festering hole where mud huts were disintegrating; where cattle stood hock deep in mud and manure; where the stench of filth and desolation hung over the land. Development workers had encouraged the villagers to work to improve their lives but had met with obstinate opposition.

As Saund picked his way across the refuse on the path a dhoti-clad villager—assuming him to be a visiting Indian dignitary—began to speak. His words were an indignant recital of grievances:

"The Indian government does nothing for us," the man said angrily as the villagers nodded sullen agreement. "Officials drive by in their jeeps, but all they do for us is talk. Do they build us a well or a road? No. That is the way with our government. . . ."

The embarrassed Indian accompanying Saund tried to intervene. "This man is not a member of the Indian government," he said. "Do not present your grievances to him. He was born in a village of India but when he was a young man he went to America and recently he was elected by the American people to a very high position in their government. Now he is back in India visiting."

Congressman Saund interrupted. He spoke to the village men in their own language and his tone was scornful and indignant.

"**D**O you like standing there ankle deep in mud?" he asked them. "What's the matter with *you*?" His voice rose over the heads of the group and even the women standing in the doorways of their huts could hear. "You have strong hands and strong backs," Saund said. "Why do you need the government to build a well for you? You're perfectly able to build it yourselves."

The villagers stood in awed, astounded silence.

"Thirty-seven years ago," Saund continued. (Continued on page 54)

Dating years from the birth of Christ was first suggested by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, about the year which we now call A.D. 533, but came into general use a few centuries later. Dionysius Exiguus, in fixing the date at which he was writing, relied on a passage in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, one of the most scholarly of the early Christian fathers, who stated that Christ was born in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus. It is true that Augustus was formally recognized as Emperor by the Roman Senate in the year which we now call 28 B.C., but he had been emperor in fact for several years prior to that, and had frequently proclaimed his imperial powers. Almost any year in the decade preceding the year which we now call 28 B.C. could have been used by Clement as the beginning of the reign of Augustus. Hence Clement and Dionysius, both profound scholars, were not using the same yardstick.

Herod the Great died in the year which we now call 4 B.C. This is well established by history, and is confirmed by the fact that the great Jewish historian Josephus mentions an eclipse of the moon which occurred just before Herod's death. This eclipse has been definitely calculated as having occurred on the night of March 12 to 13 in the year which we now call 4 B.C. It was visible in Palestine.

It is indicated in Matthew 2:13-20 that Jesus was born somewhat earlier than the death of Herod. How much earlier is a matter of conjecture but we have enough evidence to make a good approximation.

It has been established from ancient records, and especially from an inscription on a Roman temple near Ankara, Turkey, that the enrollment or "taxation" mentioned in the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke was decreed in the year which we now call 8 B.C. A year or two would probably elapse before its administration could be organized in outlying provinces of the Roman Empire and before persons away from their places of legal residence could be compelled to make their journeys. This brings us to about the early part of the year 6 B.C. in our modern reckoning.

The date of the Nativity was not December 25. Shepherds did not watch their flocks by night in the open fields in winter. The sheep were then gathered into sheepfolds at night. December 25 was a Roman holiday (the Saturnalia) signifying the passing of the winter solstice, and it was celebrated with wild pagan festivities. The early Christians found it easier to turn Roman holidays to Christian use than to attempt to abolish them, and so (Continued on page 68)

THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL sat between her parents in the family pew. The expression on the child's face revealed how attentively she was listening to the preacher . . .

"We should not expect miracles in our day of the same kind recorded in the Bible," the clergyman was saying. "After all, the New Testament miracles were for a particular time. They were a special dispensation from God, needed to get the Christian movement started in the first century.

The little girl was frowning. As the benediction was pronounced and she turned to leave the church with her parents, she was troubled over the preacher's words.

I was that little girl. Seventeen years later, during a long illness, I remembered that Sunday morning and began searching the Scriptures for myself to test the minister's thesis. I tried to begin this study with no preconceived ideas, an open mind. In the end I felt that the preacher had been wrong.

This is what I discovered: Passage after passage in the New Testament makes it clear that Jesus taught that (1) of Himself He could do no mighty works; God was doing them through Him (John 3:19); (2) that Jesus felt it expedient that He "go away" so that the Holy Spirit could come to earth and continue these same mighty works (John 16:7); (3) that He expected His disciples in all ages to have this same power, and even . . . He dared to say . . . more power (Mark 16:15-18).

This is implicit in the over-all teaching of the New Testament. It is explicit in certain verses:

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever" (Hebrews 13:8).

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father" (John 14:12).

Well then, did Jesus' expectations come true? Are there miracles today?

Yes, many of them.

There are at least two reasons why we do not sometimes recognize these incidents as a continuation of the sort of miracles that happened in Old and New Testament times. The first is that the Scriptural accounts are so condensed; details are pared to a minimum. The second is that these Bible stories are phrased in terminology unfamiliar to us; they seem to us to bear little relation to life as we know it.

Always I have had a desire to dramatize the fact that "God is the same yesterday, today, and forever" by cloaking some of these modern miracles in Biblical language. This I do reverently, hoping it may help some of us on to a greater faith in the trustworthiness of God for our time.

By Catherine Marshall

ARE THERE MIRACLES TODAY?

AT 2:36 on the afternoon of October 21, 1942, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and the crew of a Flying Fortress—eight men in all—lost their way in the South Pacific. Eventually they ran out of fuel and were forced to crash-land the Fortress on the water and abandon ship. They were left with two inflated rafts, two aluminum oars, two

service sheath knives, a small pocket compass; two revolvers, and a few other small possessions. Their only food was four oranges and a chocolate bar. The chocolate was never eaten since it was ruined by salt water.

They were rescued on the twenty-first day. In the meanwhile, Sergeant Alexander Kackmarczyk had died.

Rickenbacker's account of this saga of the sea, *Seven Came Through* (Doubleday & Co. 1951), contains the account of several miracles that might have come directly out of the Bible. Here is one of them. . . .

And behold eight men were adrift on the sea, and were perishing for want of food and drink. (Continued on next page)

God With Us

By JAMES G. McDONALD

TEXT: "And they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."—Matthew 1:23

GOD WITH US! These three words sum up the Christmas miracle and fact—the most amazing and most important fact that has ever happened. These three words tell us what actually took place that first Christmas morning: that the birth of Christ was God Himself coming into the world as man to dwell with men.

The miracle of Christmas was that God became flesh and "dwelt among us," that God came into the human situation as humanity, that God came to man in his helpless condition to rescue him and redeem him from the destructive forces of sin and death.

If we do not get from the Incarnation this basic fact of who Christ was and is into the very depths of our understanding, all the other facts about Him concerning His ministry in the flesh, His crucifixion, His resurrection, His ascension and indwelling are without any positive and helpful meaning.

That Christ was and is divine is the very heart of the Gospel; for Chris-

tianity is the belief in the unique divinity of the man-Christ. Our Lord Himself declared that this belief was the rock foundation upon which He would build His Church. He left us no doubt through His recorded words that He was one with the Father, equal in substance, power and glory.

What has Christianity to offer, were we to rule out the divinity of Christ, the doctrine which is the basis and the groundwork for all the other doctrines of Christianity? A congregation with firmness of conviction in the divinity of Christ is a congregation with an unmistakable message, a clear-cut purpose and a definite mission. What is more powerful and convicting than the dynamic doctrine of the finality of the Christian Gospel, the doctrine that God revealed His fulness to man in Jesus Christ, that God said everything He had to say to man in Jesus Christ, that God did everything that needed to be done for man in Jesus Christ, that there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

This is the only doctrine that distinguishes Christianity from other religions, cults and philosophies. It is the only doctrine that gives Christianity anything special to say to mankind today.

Yet this doctrine of the unique divinity of the man Christ—the very fulcrum of New Testament Christianity—
(Continued on page 70)



Ham-Hung, Korea, is the colorful-sounding birthplace of **James G. McDonald**, who for the past three years has been minister of the Onondaga Hill Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, N.Y. The son of Canadian Presbyterian missionaries, he was educated in Nova Scotia and Quebec, served a church for eight years in Toronto before coming to the U.S. in 1953. His wife Jane has pioneered a number of highly successful "Teen Canteens" in the Pittsburgh and Syracuse areas. The McDonald's daughters are under this age—Betty Jane 12, and Sara Sue 7.

And the Lord said unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

Then some believed the word of the Lord. But others doubted. On the eighth day the sea was becalmed. And behold, one of the men slept. And as he slept, a gull came and perched on his head. Then the man awoke and reaching with his hand, caught the gull.

And separating the bird's flesh, he divided the meat with his friends, and they all ate.

Then making fast a hook into the bird's flesh left over and casting it into the sea, the men caught fish, and ate, and were satisfied.

✱ ✱ ✱

IN 1903 Alexis Carrel, an eminent French physician and scientist, was on a train from Paris to Lourdes among a group of sick and diseased pilgrims, who had the hope of being healed at Lourdes. Carrel was there as a detached, skeptical observer. Among the group was a young girl, Marie Ferrand, close to death with tubercular peritonitis. She was in a coma. Her face was green; her abdomen distended; her legs swollen; heartbeat and breathing were dangerously rapid.

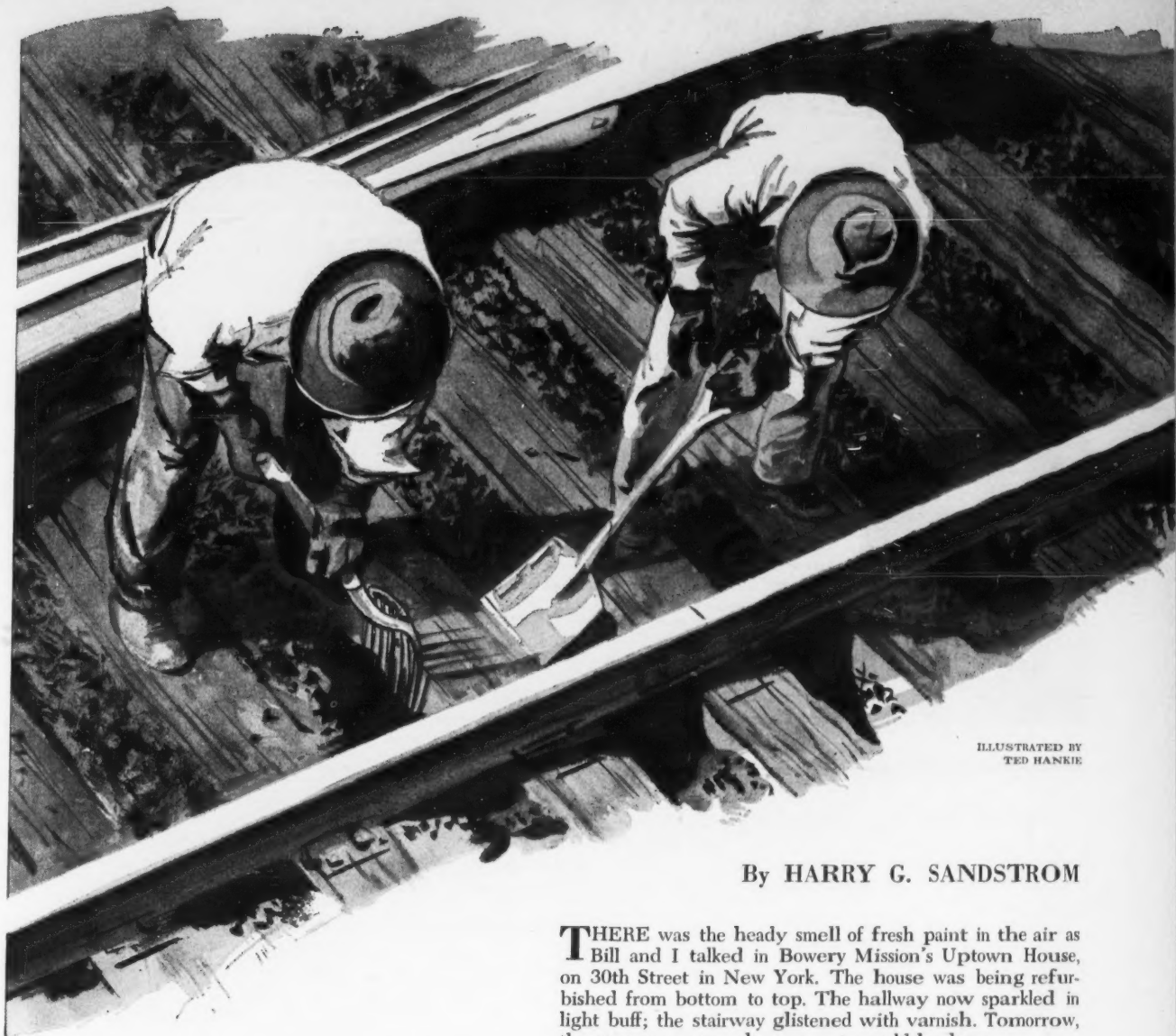
The next day Carrel again examined the girl closely as she lay on her pallet at the Grotto. It was 2:30. Once again she seemed to be at the point of death. She lay motionless on her pallet; breathing was rapid and shallow; there was the same green color; the abdomen was still distended. But as a strange woman with a black veil moved to her and began praying, Carrel—whose medically-trained eyes were glued to Marie's face—thought he saw a change taking place. The harsh shadows on her face were disappearing; there was a better color. In his notebook he recorded the time—twenty minutes before three.

The changes continued. By four o'clock the girl's respiration was normal; her abdomen was flattening out beneath the blanket that covered her; she asked for a cup of milk and drank it.

In time the battery of doctors at Lourdes who check on any cases who claim to be cured, pronounced this one a clear miracle. Alexis Carrel concurred in this opinion. He had seen it with his own eyes, checked every detail as the careful doctor that he was. . . .

That afternoon a multitude of them that were sick or that were possessed with devils gathered at the pool to be healed of their infirmities. And behold, the Risen Christ was there. It was about the second hour.

And a young girl was carried there who had been diseased for three years. And she
(Continued on page 38)



ILLUSTRATED BY
TED HANKIE

By HARRY G. SANDSTROM

GANDY DANCER

THERE was the heady smell of fresh paint in the air as Bill and I talked in Bowery Mission's Uptown House, on 30th Street in New York. The house was being refurbished from bottom to top. The hallway now sparkled in light buff; the stairway glistened with varnish. Tomorrow, the common room, where we sat, would be done.

Uptown House could also be called "Halfway House"—halfway from the Bowery Mission, halfway from home. Rescued from the gutter where trouble dumped them, restored to sanity and health through the Christ-based stewardship of the Mission, and provided with a job, this halfway haven continues the man's rehabilitation—away from the Skid Row atmosphere.

There is no sign on Uptown House; it is a private residence for men fighting their way back into the world and their home and loved ones with the help of the Bowery Mission program. Every fellow there has an outside job of some kind—however humble. And to bolster his self-respect he pays a nominal rent for a comfortable, but far from luxurious, room. The common room where the men gather in the evenings and for Bible class, gives Uptown House a companionable feeling—unique in that area of cubiced and soulless rooming houses, converted from old brownstones.

Thoughts of family, of wife and children, and of the bright day when clean in mind and body, with good clothes on his back, a small suitcase of belongings, perhaps some gifts, and a few dollars in his pocket, a man heads for home . . . these thoughts lull to sleep the men at Uptown House.

But Bill has no home to go back to. Yet he is not unhappy about this.

(Continued on next page)

LINES OF A LAYMAN

By J. C. PENNEY



THE GIFT THAT COUNTS MOST

THE story of the Babe in the manger, the star of Bethlehem, and the three wise men is old but ever new. One cannot think of it without being struck with the rare beauty and simplicity of it all. Yet, there is sometimes a tendency to overlook the deep religious significance of Christ's birth in the frenzy of gift-giving.

Christmas in the home should be more than just a time for festivity and merrymaking. It is a time for the contemplation of eternal things, for teaching the children fundamentals of God's love in sending His Son to earth.

Therefore, we should make the Yuletide season an occasion for the giving of more than material things. Give that which counts infinitely more—give of yourself.

In my old home we eagerly looked forward to Christmas. We always felt the spirit of the day and were always happy with each other. I sometimes wonder about it now. I am almost afraid for children—they have so much that there seems little left for them to anticipate.

I believed in Santa Claus, believed even when older boys laughed at me. We had no fireplace, only a wood stove, and I could not figure out just how the wonderful old gentleman got in, but I was sure that he did. Contrary to present-day argument, this faith did not affect my later life unfavorably. When I discovered that Santa Claus was a disembodied spirit, all was well. My deeper faith in God and Jesus was not destroyed.

Indeed, I am glad that I had this childhood thrill and vivid experience. It has blessed me all these years.

"While I'm here—this is my home," he said, gray eyes flashing. "I've won my way back with the Lord's help, and Uptown House and the Mission mean 'home' for me."

So this was no halfway place for Bill. Perhaps it is Providence for Gene Wahl, manager for some years of Uptown House, died in his sleep there, a few days before my visit. Logical successor was Bill, who called this haven "home." He was promptly appointed and Bill took over—proudly.

Evidence of the pride Bill takes in Uptown House is everywhere apparent. The common room was neat and orderly; invited relaxing. I wanted a drink of water; Bill took me to the kitchen. The fussiest housewife would be at home there! And before I left, Bill insisted I see the backyard. There's a fair-size yard behind the old New York brownstones; most are merely a tangle of weeds. Well, Bill had yanked the weeds, turned over the earth, cultivated it, raked it level and smooth. In the center he had planted flower seeds—marigolds, zinnias, asters. He proudly pointed to the tender green shoots foretelling colored glories to come. Along the fences were bushes of alyssum and roses. All this had come out of Bill's pocket; but, "I got the 'works' for a song," he said, brushing off the cost.

Now, Bill stands six feet tall; he's

lean and broadshouldered. A man's man and certainly no esthete, he was yet inordinately proud of the shoots that had pushed up in the flower bed, the healthy plants on the sides. And this was the same man who, dead drunk on "sneaky pete," had been "rolled" in a Bowery alley—recently, and not just once.

I COMPLIMENTED Bill on being named manager, asked him if he thought he would have any trouble in keeping the "boys" in line.

Bill laughed that off. "That's no problem at all! First, the boys don't get out of line. But there is the chap who becomes discouraged, feeling he won't make it. Less occasionally there's the backslider." Bill paused. "Y'see, I've been through it all. I know all the problems—had most of 'em myself. There's no discouragement the boys may have that I haven't had. They can't do anything wrong that I haven't done wrong. I've been in and out of the gutter, I know every weakness, every temptation, every peril."

Then he said: "I also remember vividly the night I found the Lord..."

+

BILL'S SAGA begins in Wall Street.

He was a bookkeeper in a brokerage house—and a good one. "Probably be well fixed now if I hadn't got into trou-

ble." Liquor got Bill into that trouble. Not that he was thirsty for the stuff; no, Bill was just looking for a good time after his long hours at the books. There was nothing for him at home, it was an unhappy one; he had no church connection. His fun meant the local tavern. And there's no "fun" at this establishment unless you buy the product they are selling.

At first, Bill ate his cake and had it too. He wasn't bothered much with hangovers. It was lack of sleep that finally did him in. The office manager found him sound asleep at the desk one afternoon. Bill was given a warning which he blithely ignored, and woke up at his desk again several days later to find himself fired.

This brought our hero up short. He had put in eight good years on Wall Street; he never dreamed that liquor and a job don't mix. And Bill was now on his own; his mother had died, his father disappeared. So Bill had a problem... and there was only one place he knew of then to go with his problems.

He went there and the bartender listened to Bill's troubles as he drank steadily. At closing time Bill had been asleep for an hour. He was deposited in the alley and there he woke up the next morning—almost wishing that he hadn't.

But he dusted himself off, struggled to his room, slept the rest of the day, then headed for another saloon... and set a pattern for lost days, until he had drunk up everything he owned.

He tried to buy drinks on credit one afternoon—from his favorite bartender at his favorite bar. Bill was promptly chased out. (The laws are strict about this—no drinks on credit!)

Bill found himself on a sunny sidewalk—thirsting for a drink and with not a thin dime to buy one. He would have to get a job!

"Yes," reminisced Bill, "a job equals money equals a drink. I'm afraid that was my only reason for going job hunting then."

He walked down to the area on Sixth Avenue where employment agencies clustered side by side. He joined the first line-up he came to and, without much interest, asked what it was for.

"Candydancing!" said a burly, ill-dressed fellow, promptly and laconically.

"What's that?" asked Bill. The burly one, who had iron-gray hair, looked his surprise at Bill's ignorance. "If you're in good shape, you'll find out soon enough," he said.

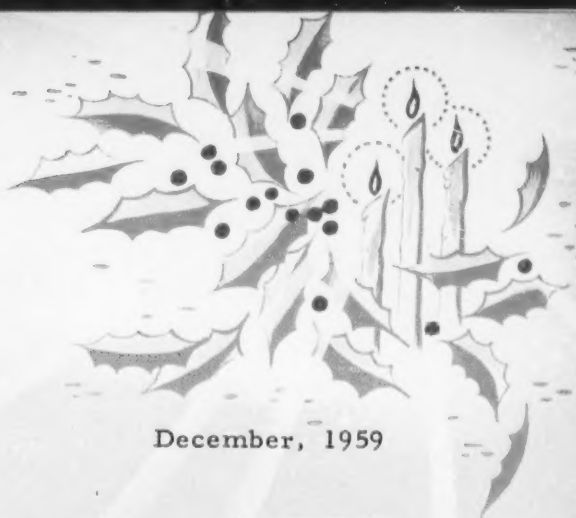
Bill is tall, broad, wiry. His strong frame had not suffered unduly from the alcohol he had tossed off. He was hired—as a gandydancer.

I said, "Sounds intriguing, Bill. What's a gandydancer?"

(Continued on page 37)

WORLD VISION, INC.

P. O. BOX 0, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



December, 1959

Dear Friend:

I'm sure you've had the same experience -- of having a child, with that wonderful directness and simplicity of childhood, come up with something we adults just overlook.

Well, it has happened again -- and it taught me a wonderful lesson!

At the dinner table we were talking about the coming Christmas season -- and about the gifts that we should buy for grandmother and grandfather and this relative and that.

But suddenly my little nine-year-old raised her head in alarm. "Daddy," she said, "we forgot somebody -- the very most important person of all!"

At first we didn't see what she meant, and so she told us: "We don't have Jesus on our list -- and He's the most important Person in the whole family and the whole world!"

Yes, you can guess what we did. We added His Name to our Christmas list. We put it at the top.

And I hope you'll do the same. How can you give to Him on this day that celebrates His birth? By giving, in His Name, to the children of the world... to the sick and the needy... to the missionaries and Nationals who carry the message of the true meaning and purpose of Christmas.

Send your "Christmas gift to Jesus" -- your gift to missions in His Name -- to World Vision, and you will help not only our world "family" of 13,000 children, but also the more than 75 missionary agencies to whom we give emergency aid.

Remember, Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

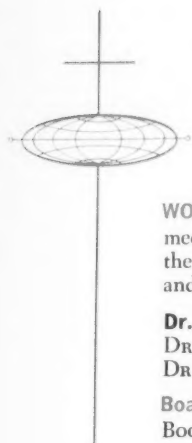
Sincerely,

Bob Pierce
President



"All that we have comes from God, and we give it out of his hand."

(I CHRON. 29:14B - DUTCH PARAPHRASE)



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DECEMBER

"Not intriguing at all," he shot back. "More like a chain gang. A crew of footloose fellows are recruited from a big city and are sent out to some desolate spot to replace worn-out railroad tracks. It's back-breaking work." And he added with a smile, "I don't recommend it."

The crew was shipped up to the Finger Lakes region in New York and there, in a two-weeks period, Bill learned about gandydancing—the hard way. Stripped to the waist, the men heaved the picks, pushed the shovels, under a blistering sun. And Bill's "thirst" grew to enormous proportions. It was slaked not at all by the frequent dippers of warm water.

He learned that the rocks between the ties are called "ballast" and that it must be placed correctly to assure the rigidity of the tracks under the pounding of the cars.

But Bill's thirst was uppermost in his mind; he yearned for payday. Each sweating hour of driving spikes, of lifting rails, of grading ballast was translated in Bill's fevered conscience into so many drinks—not of warm water but of hard liquor.

Payday came. Bill took his money and didn't ask if the job was finished. He didn't care. He now had the wherewithal to take care of his gigantic thirst. But instead of heading for the nearest tavern, somehow he carefully nursed his desire until he got to New York.

"Funny," commented Bill. "I had the money now, but I didn't feel 'safe' getting drunk so far away from 'home.' I can't explain it..."

Tanned and healthy, he reached New York and immediately headed for his



favorite bar. Here he "accomplished" two things in amazingly short order: got blind drunk and spent all his pay. This last wasn't too difficult since after a few solitary drinks, he insisted upon buying for everybody in the place—including the bartenders. This made him the man-of-the-hour at the tavern—until, of course, he passed out.

Blank.

Next Bill remembers he was on another line—on the Bowery this time. When he asked, he was glad to hear the line was for a bowl of soup. Not gandydancing! Of course, he really needed a drink, he felt, but perhaps a bowl of soup would do something for the fire in his stomach and his mind.

The line moved inside a narrow building and the men sat down on benches. But they weren't benches,

they were pews! Bill looked around; he was in church!

"I was, of course, in Bowery Mission's chapel. And you might think that a drunk such as I had become would run from a church. But somehow a feeling of peace came over me. I had a pleasant memory of church and Sunday school as a kid."

But his body longed for that bowl of soup. He didn't pay too much attention to the hymns or the sermon.

"It must have been Pastor Bolton who preached that evening. Even in my befogged state his famous message came through to me: 'You've tried the rest, now try the Best.' I vaguely knew he meant Christ."

Bill had his soup; he also had a shower, clean clothes and a bed. Next morning Ray Allen had a little talk with him. "I'm going to get a job," Bill told him.

And thus, almost willy-nilly, he found himself back on the "chain gang," ten miles outside of New Haven, in Connecticut. This time it was a three-week stretch, of hard work and abstemious living. At the end of the time he never felt better physically, was proud of his skill at this fairly important task in U.S. transportation; for a few days he was "straw boss." When payday loomed, Bill knew what he might do and almost dreaded it. For he was entertaining some vague feeling about getting "squared away" and going back to Wall Street. But the job over, and a fair-sized sum of cash in his hand, the "boys" insisted Bill join them for a "quick one" before he returned to New York.

Next he knew he was being gently nudged and a voice said, "Last stop, buddy, all off." Bill looked up through an alcoholic daze and saw a train conductor. They were in Grand Central. To this day, Bill doesn't know how he got on the train; probably carried on, he regrets.

On the platform he looked in his wallet and wasn't greatly surprised to find it empty. There was some change in a pocket however. He knew what to do with this. He took the first bus downtown to Bowery Mission.

He had a king-sized hangover but otherwise was in fairly good shape. He listened carefully to the sermon that night at the Mission; he heard that Christ lives, that He has infinite compassion for sinners such as he, that He is always ready to forgive.

Bill did a lot of thinking before he fell asleep that night in the Mission's dormitory.

"I think I even prayed," admitted this tall, rugged man. "Also, I had the first feeling of the Mission being my home."

Next morning Bill had a long talk with Pastor Bolton. The gandydancer

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told that good man his story, then asked if George could please help him get a job that would keep him in New York and close to the Mission.

"Bill," said the "Bishop of the Bowery," "I'll do better than that. I'll give you a job in the Mission."

THUS BILL became night fireman at the Mission and promptly "went on the wagon." He quickly integrated himself into the life and work of the Mission. He ushered at the services, helped in the kitchen, otherwise made himself useful—all in addition to his work in the boiler room. "We never had a better man on the job," Pastor Bolton told me.

When Bill had long since become a "fixture" at the Mission, he was sent uptown with some corroded valves, and cash, to buy replacements.

The supply house was on Third Avenue and 48th Street. Bill was at 47th Street when a large banner reading **GRAND OPENING** and a store festooned with the national colors stopped him. It was a new tavern. An attractive display of colorful bottles was in a window with a sign reading: **OPENING DAY SPECIAL: IMPORTED RUM—45¢ GIANT SIZE DRINK.**

Sighed Bill: "I don't know what happened. I didn't forget my Mission errand or my responsibility. But I found the bargain irresistible. I had to go in and sample that rum."

He sampled the liquor, found it just fine, decided to have "just one more." Then the "house" bought him one—and Bill was off. He drank up his own money and the petty cash. At closing time, the bartender eased him out; Bill was very drunk.

He took a nap in the first vacant doorway and then, by easy stages, resting wherever possible, he staggered back to the Mission and his bed.

The next afternoon, shaking but sober, he had another long talk with Pastor Bolton.

STILL AWARE of the effects of his spree, but his mind crystal clear, he sat in the pews that evening at service.

When the invitation came to come forward to Christ, he knew what he wanted to do. But something held him back. He knew all the Mission staff, all the "regulars." Wouldn't they snicker at him for going down and kneeling at the rail? For Bill was a man's man and a "regular guy."

"There are no cases too hard for God," said the preacher.

"At that point," recalled Bill, "I told myself, 'If you're going to do something, do it. Don't hem and haw. Do it!'"

Bill wrenched himself out of his seat. The aisle had become a path of quicksand. But he plodded ahead. He fell, rose again. He pulled his feet out of the sand. He fell again, but made the rail with his hands.

THE END

ARE THERE MIRACLES TODAY?

(Continued from page 32)

had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.

Now there came to the pool a woman full of good deeds and almsdeeds. And it came to pass in those days that she kneeled down by the girl's pallet and prayed; then turning to the girl, she said, Child, arise.

And the girl opened her eyes, full of wonder, and she arose and asked for something to eat. And the disciple said, Let something be given her.

This became known throughout all France. And many believed in the Lord.

IT was a crisis-period in the Second World War. On May 29th, 1940, Hitler's crack troops had pushed 350,000 British soldiers into a pocket 30 miles wide on the French coast near the blasted port of Dunkirk. The British had fought rear-guard action all the way. The English Channel was at their backs, the relentless enemy pressing in from the front.

All of Britain knew that only a miracle could save their men. By the thousands, the people went to their churches.

The miracle happened, partly as God transformed the little people of Britain

And the Lord went before them in the cloud to cover them, so that the enemy could in nowise see. And thousands of their friends came in fishing boats and sail boats and delivered them out of the hands of their enemies. And the Lord did not lift the cloud until they had been restored to their kinsmen and their families.

So the Lord delivered the host that day.

AGNES Sanford is the wife of an Episcopal rector, a woman with a keen sense of humor and a down-to-earth approach to Christianity. She believes in the present-day healing power of Jesus Christ for the minds, the bodies and the emotions of men. Here is a true story from her book *The Healing Light* (Macalester Park Publishing Company, 1947, pages 92, 93). A baby was dead before the clergyman who had been asked to baptize him could get to the scene. The minister felt led to go ahead anyway. The child lived. This is reminiscent of the type of miracle that Mark and Luke liked to tell...

And a father sent word to the Master, My son is dying. Only speak the word and he shall live.

Jesus said, I have not seen such faith in all of Israel. I will send my disciple. He shall lay his hands on the child and baptize him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and he shall be restored unto his father.

But as Cephas journeyed to the place, behold servants came running, and saith unto him, The child is dead. And when Cephas came to the house, there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Then Cephas had compassion on them. And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save the father and mother of the boy.

Then taking the child in his arms, he opened the boy's mouth and putting water on his tongue, baptized him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, even as the Lord had bidden him.

Then the spirit entered into the boy again. His flesh grew warm. And he opened his eyes and cried.

And the mother cried joyfully, My son liveth. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

LONG ago I wrote these words on the flyleaf of a favorite copy of the New Testament: "God specializes in things thought impossible."

Time and experience and hundreds of answers to prayer have undergirded this with experience. Faith in God's power is at the heart of Christianity. Nothing else really matters but the question of all questions: Can you and I trust the love and the power of our God?

THE END



into heroic men who effected one of the most extraordinary rescues in military history; partly through remarkable weather and cloud conditions that lasted until the evacuation of Dunkirk was completed on June 4th. This is a saga that might have come out of II Kings...

Likewise the enemy followed hard after them in battle. And the army was sore pressed. The sea was at their backs; the enemy encamped over against them. And the Lord said, I will harden the enemies' heart and they will pursue you. And they did so.

Then the men cried to Jehovah in sore distress and he granted their entreaty because they trusted in him.



**WOMAN'S PLACE
IN THE CHURCH**
By Jane Kirk

The Christmas Story in Art

THIS Christmas, let the old, old storytellers, the artists whose works have come down to us through the ages, tell the "old, old story" for your group.

Many beautiful art masterpieces were painted for the specific purpose of telling Bible stories in a day when only a special few knew how to read and books were scarce. Cathedrals and churches of the Renaissance period were decorated with elaborate mural paintings as well as statues and carved designs in wood and stone, so that those who entered or passed by might ponder the meaning of the Bible stories.

You can bring the Christmas story to your membership through art masterpieces either by the use of projector and slides or by fine colored reproductions. Either way, it will make a different sort of program.

If you want to use slides, contact your religious bookstore, visual-aid dealer or nearby art galleries. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York offers slide collections to groups anywhere in the country at a rental fee of \$15 for 50 slides or less. They have a set titled "The Life of Christ in Art" which is suitable for Christmas use. Or you can make your own personal selection of slides, and the museum will supply you with as many of these as are to be found in their

collections. Make up a list from books on art history in your local public library or from Cynthia Maus' *Christ and the Fine Arts* which is probably in your church library. These books will also give you information about artists and paintings from which you can work out your own script to read as the slides are shown. For detailed information, address The Lending Collections, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

Available from your bookstore or film library is a 38-frame color filmstrip, "The Christmas Story in Art" (\$7.50) or the same thing in slides (rental \$2, sale \$13.50). Methodist bookstores sell a set of 20 slides with the same title for \$8. You can buy "Religious Art Masterpieces" individually at 60¢ per slide, by making a selection from a catalogue. "Each With His Own Brush" is a 42-frame filmstrip with 33½ rpm recording and guide (\$11) which tells the Christmas story in works by artists of many nationalities, mostly Asian. Slides of this rent for \$1.50. If you prefer motion-picture film, "The Life of Christ in Art" is a 21-minute color film produced by Coronet Films, which covers seven centuries of religious art with the narration mostly quotations from the RSV of the Bible.

If your program is being planned for a small group, mounted colored reproductions (Continued on next page)



Social of the
Month

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS observances start far ahead of December 25 in Germany. So if your special Christmas meeting is as much as four weeks before Christmas, it will tie in nicely with the special German custom.

It is easy to devise an Advent wreath. Lay a large, circular wreath of Christmas greens on the table, and attach to the surface of it four metal candle holders of the clip-on variety that can be found in your local hardware store. Space them evenly, and set a red candle in each. Then tie inch-wide streamers of red satin ribbon, approximately 24 inches long, halfway between each candle holder, and draw the four ribbons together at the center, so that the wreath may be suspended from a chandelier by them. Some of the red ribbon should hang down from the wreath as streamers.

Prepare 30 stars cut out of gold-colored construction paper, using a cookie cutter for a pattern. Date each one for a separate day of the month, and on one side print a Bible passage from the Old Testament, and on the other one from the New Testament. Attach a piece of gold cord to one point of the star and a tiny hook (a bent pin will do) at the other. In German families a red candle is added to the Advent wreath each Sunday before Christmas, and a star added each day. Children are expected to memorize the Bible verses. But for your party you may pass out the stars to the first thirty persons to arrive. At an appropriate time during the meeting they will be called upon in order to read their Bible

verses aloud, and then hang their stars to the Advent wreath. When seven have been read, light one candle, after seven more a second, and so on.

An unusual way of carrying out the regular exchange of Christmas gifts is to use the German custom of Julkapp. The Germans frequently wrap their presents in various papers, each with a different person's name on it. Only the last wrapping bears the name of the person for whom the gift is intended. Or, sometimes there may be no present inside, merely directions for finding the gift. When you draw names for the Christmas exchange, instruct everyone to wrap each gift five or six times, with other individual's names on the various wrappings. This should lead to much hilarity during the unwrapping, as people rush about to put gifts into the hands of the next person whose name is on the wrapper.

If yours is a luncheon meeting, you might serve a hearty German meal of knockwurst and hot potato salad with cole slaw, and schaumtorte for dessert. But at Christmas time the Germans are noted for their traditional cakes and cookies, and for a dessert meeting, you will want to serve an assortment of these or German kaffeekuchen with coffee. Perhaps you have some German cooks in your membership who can oversee the preparation of Pfefferkuchen, almond macaroon cakes, cringele, Lebkuchen, Mertzian cookies and sprengerle, strongly flavored with anise, not to mention lace cookies, Eier Kringel, and gingerbread figures. Marzipan in fruit shapes makes attractive favors.

might be more practical. You may order such prints from the Metropolitan Museum, too. Reproductions will run from 25¢ to \$1 each. Send for a price list to the Sales Department. Religious bookstores have large reproductions of Christmas art pictures, made by Abingdon Press or Standard Publishing Company. An 11"x14" color reproduction is around 25 or 35 cents. Or you can take apart an art book of reproductions and mount the separate pictures.

To mount any reproduction, make a frame of poster board or heavier white cardboard two inches wider than your reproduction on three sides, and two and a half inches wider at the bottom. Glue the reproduction smoothly in place on this, allowing two and a half inches at the bottom, and two inches all the rest of the way around. Or cut out a piece from the center that will fit the reproduction you are framing, and fasten the picture in this frame with cellophane tape.

As the speaker finishes describing each of these pictures, she can pass them around for closer inspection by the audience. These will be useful the following year as Christmas decorations in classrooms, or you might want to distribute the mounted prints to shut-ins after your meeting.

Interspersing your program with the singing of appropriate Christmas carols will provide variety and give the audience a part in the proceedings. Here are some possibilities for your program.

To illustrate Isaiah's prophecy of the coming of the Christ child, you might choose an American primitive, "The Peaceable Kingdom" by Edward Hicks, a Pennsylvania Quaker. This shows the peace of men side by side with the peace of nature, the central theme of the Christmas story. Charmingly quaint are the solemn, big-eyed creatures in this painting, while in the background Hicks reproduced a painting of William Penn making a treaty with the Indians for the land on which Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love," was to be built.

"The Annunciation" by Jan van Eyck represents the Angel Gabriel appearing before the Virgin. The unobtrusive use of curved lines in the ground behind the angel gives the effect of his having just descended from above.

Artists have interpreted the incidents of the life of Jesus in terms of their own daily life, showing the landscape, architecture, furniture and dress of their own times and lands. The historically impossible structure of the temple dominates the symmetrical design of Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin."

The old masters showed a deep faith and sincerity in their paintings, and many of them believed that to represent holy persons in poverty would be sacrilege. So in these paintings Mary

and Joseph and all associated with them usually appear in rich and regal garments, suggesting the lavish pomp and glory of the periods in which the artists themselves lived. In Ghirlandaio's "Visitation," Mary wears a magnificent jewel, such as the painter felt she was entitled to have.

An early example of the crèche, or manger, is the sculptural representation of the Nativity from the workshop of Rosselino, consisting of detached figures.

The "Adoration of the Shepherds" has been attributed to Rubens. This is striking for the intense concentration of the principal personages on the Christ child. The woman carrying a jar on her head shows that the life of the hostelry in which Mary and Joseph were lodged went on in spite of the excitement.

Artists have depicted Mary and the infant Jesus in countless ways. The modern painter, Gari Melchers, painted Mary like his own wife, holding their baby son in her arms. Raphael painted her as greater than human mothers, adored by saints, holding a child who is calm and wise even in infancy. This painting is known as the "Sistine Madonna" because it was the Sistine Chapel. Medieval painters and sculptors of the sixteenth century often showed Mary dressed in a crown and gold robes, as the Queen of Heaven, crushing the devil under her feet while she plays with her smiling baby.

One of the loveliest is Botticelli's Mary, whom he depicted as the mother who "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." She is thoughtful, almost sad, but beautiful and young, with a dainty veil over her head through which her golden hair shows. Is there realization of the suffering the future is to bring to her child in the way she touches the wheat and grapes a gently smiling angel brings to her? The baby's chubby hand is lifted as if to bless the heavenly food (bread and wine in its infant form) and even the baby face has a thoughtful expression.

"The Procession of the Magi" by Benozzo Gozzoli expresses the artist's idea of this great event in the history of mankind as a joyful celebration displaying sumptuous pageantry.

The coming of the three wise men to be presented to the infant Jesus was a great church festival (Epiphany) long before Christmas was celebrated. The church expected every artist who painted this subject to bring out certain points, although he might work out the details in his own way. The wise men were thought of as representing all mankind so they appear as a young man, a middle-aged man and an old man. By the fifteenth century they were also of three races—black, white and yellow. Each of their gifts had a mean-

(Continued on page 43)



CANDLES TO MAKE

UNUSUAL candles to decorate the church rooms or to sell at the Christmas bazaar are fun to make.

Select light all-purpose dye colors, such as light green, evening blue, coral or chartreuse, to get a bright shade. Use approximately 2 teaspoons of all-purpose dye for each pound of paraffin. One pound fills three 6-ounce juice concentrate cans or 2 half-pint cream containers. One and three fourths pounds fills one quart milk carton. Various sizes of gelatin molds or rubber balls cut in half may be used also. Heavy cord makes a good wick. Don't forget to use up all your old candle stubs, melted down, added to the paraffin.

Punch hole in center of mold just large enough for string to go through. Run a piece of cord through the hole and tie the inside to a pencil placed across top of mold. Pulling tight, secure other end of cord to outside of mold by knotting and covering with cellophane tape.

Melt paraffin in double boiler or old coffee can placed in pan of water. Color with all-purpose dye. Remove from heat and stir for three minutes. (Since all-purpose dye is primarily water soluble, some of the dye will not dissolve but will settle to the bottom.) For angel heads use peach and pink.

(Continued on page 43)

Christian Herald Large Quantity Recipe

QUICK KAFFEEKUCHEN (for 48)

Coffee Cake Batter:

Sifted enriched flour . . .	2½ qts.	Dry milk solids	1 cup
Baking powder	½ cup	Shortening	1 cup
Salt	2 tbsp.	Eggs	½ doz.
Sugar	3 cups	Water	1 qt.

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and dry milk solids. Cut or rub in shortening until mixture is crumbly. Beat eggs and add water. Make a well in dry ingredients and add egg-water mixture. Mix until batter is smooth. Pour into 3 greased pans, 9 x 14 inches. Sprinkle over the top of each pan ½ of the topping mix given below. Bake in hot oven 400 degrees F. about 30 minutes.

Crumble Topping Mix:

Sifted enriched flour . .	1 cup	Cinnamon	2 tsp.
Enriched bread crumbs	1 cup	Butter or margarine	½ cup
Sugar	½ cup		

Mix together flour, bread crumbs, sugar and cinnamon. Cut or rub in butter or margarine until mixture is crumbly. —Courtesy Wheat Flour Institute

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Devotions for Women

Ready for Christmas



By RACHEL HARTMAN

Scripture Reading: I Corinthians 13

Hymn: "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne" or "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Meditation: Christmas demands so many preparations—the cookies to be baked, the silver to be polished, the children's gift-making to be supervised, the church programs to be planned, all that shopping to be done! But are we prepared in our hearts?

Mary was ready for that first Christmas, of course. We like to think about her careful preparations and growing love for the little one who was to come. She had been pondering things in her heart long before that star-bright night when the shepherds came with a story of chorusing angels and radiant skies.

The shepherds were ready, probably awake watching the sheep. Somehow their hearts must have been ready, too, because they believed when they saw something they had never seen before. They didn't tell themselves they had been dreaming; they followed the angel's directions to the manger where the Christchild was.

Several Oriental astrologers were watching, prepared for a significant sign in the heavens. And when they saw it they had the courage to start on a long and difficult journey to find the One they believed to be King of the Jews.

There were some who were unprepared that night—the innkeeper and other residents of Bethlehem. Afterward they probably wished they had known it was going to be *that* night. Probably even Herod wished someone had warned him.

And today as we face Christmas we need to be prepared. If you did not see a single star or wreath or greeting card or candle or bell, would you know that it was Christmas?

Several years ago, in December, two missionaries were imprisoned by Chinese Communists. Their possessions all had been confiscated and the two men were placed in a small room with a guard but were not permitted to speak to each other. Wakening early, one missionary remembered that it was Christmas morning. (They had been keeping track of the days by marks on the wall.) He wanted very much to give some greeting to his friend across the room but dared not alarm the guard. Suddenly he had an idea.

Pulling several pieces of straw from under his bedroll he set them up beside him, carefully spelling out the word "Immanuel." A smile lighted the face of the other missionary as the truth of "Immanuel—God with us" lifted his sagging spirits. In the silence of that dismal prison, Christmas carols rang in their hearts. The men, later released, were able to tell their own families of the joy of that Christmas Day with no gifts or choir music or decorations, but the real meaning of Christmas, that God has come to share our life.

We hope we will never need to see a Christmas without all the charming accoutrements of the season, but if we should, would we still have Christmas, as those two prisoners did? At the first Christmas, God came into the world in human form. Today, in another sense, God is taking human form—ours—as we give our bodies and personalities to Him.

Christina Rossetti has a charming line in one of her poems, "Love came down at Christmas." Jesus Christ is Love in human form, where we can understand it a little better. And if Christ is in us, we should be the embodiment of love, too. Perhaps we ought to read the 13th chapter of I Corinthians often in these days before Christmas. While we clean and shine our homes, let us sweep out the accumulation of bitterness and unlove and selfishness and make room for Him.

Prayer: Our Father, help us to prepare our hearts, that this year in a new way we will know the meaning of Christmas.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

CANDLES TO MAKE

(Continued from page 41)

Pour melted colored wax into mold. As paraffin hardens, fill hollow with more wax. Unmold. Dip metal mold quickly into hot water to loosen. Card-board molds can be peeled off.

Using household cement, decorate candles with glitter, sequins, or seals. Or with frosted whipped wax, applied with a fork. To make whipped-wax, allow colored or white wax to cool until film forms on top. Whip with a fork until frosting-like consistency, and apply quickly. If it becomes too firm to spread, melt and whip again.

To make ball candles: fill both halves of rubber ball with colored wax and allow to set. Cut heavy cord 1 inch longer than diameter of ball, dip in wax and let harden. Cut groove down center of one flat side of ball. Place wick in groove and pour small layer of hot colored wax on both flat sides of ball-molds and weld together.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN ART

(Continued from page 41)

ing. Gold represented Christ's heavenly kingship; frankincense, used in worship, was the symbol of His divine nature; and myrrh, a burial spice, represented His human nature. Albrecht Dürer, who painted the famous "Adoration of the Magi," included all these ideas, but, loving detail as he did, he also carefully painted the stone arches, the brocade garments, and even beetles and butterflies on the flowers.

"The Massacre of the Innocents" by Pieter Brueghel the Elder is an outstanding example of the placing of an incident in contemporary surroundings. As the art of painting evolved, the Christ child became more and more human and naturalistic, getting away from the stiff and formal figure of early times. The "Holy Family" by Rubens emphasizes the charm of childhood, and depicts the meeting of Jesus with another child, John the Baptist. Although this incident is not shown in the Gospels, it illustrates the way in which the Christmas story gradually became associated with children in general.

THERE ARE, of course, many other types of Christmas programs based on slides, filmstrips or movies. Present-day and traditional stories such as "The Other Wise Man," Christmas customs of many lands, how we got our carols, are subjects for these visual aids. Contact your nearest religious bookstore or audio-visual dealer for full information.

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Every Month of the Year

by sponsoring a homeless Korean orphan



WHILE THOUSANDS OF ORPHANS ARE HOMELESS, COLD, STARVING AND DYING, THESE HAPPY, WELL-CLOTHED, WELL-FED ORPHANS ENJOY CHRISTIAN LOVE AND TENDER CARE IN OUR CHRIST HONORING, BIBLE BELIEVING ORPHANAGES IN WAR RAVAGED KOREA.

Once they were ragged, dirty beggars on the streets. Now each child has an American "Mommie and Daddy," an individual, S.S. Class, Ladies Society, Jr. Church, etc., who are THRILLED to sponsor their "own orphan." It costs only \$8 a month—just 26 pennies a day to provide food, clothing, schooling, everything for a child. Think of the Christmas joy YOU will have every month!

This boy on the right, like thousands of others, must beg and steal for an existence—sleeping out of doors on the coldest nights—unless someone cares! He needs Christ, too!

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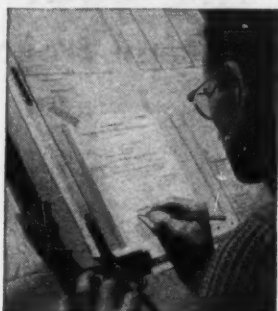
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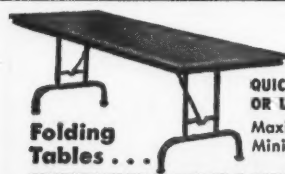
"How shall they hear?"

Romans 10:13-15

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GRANDMA'S OUR BIG DIVIDEND

(Continued from page 27)

for more of her cooking have sampled her chicken pie (butter, boiled eggs and dumplings, but no vegetables) her boiled custard, light rolls (not quite so good, she says, as they used to be, because the yeast is different) and her lettuce salad with crumpled bacon, egg and vinegar dressing.

For economy and better taste she boils fruit peelings for home-made jellies, grinds and seasons our own pork sausage, and has a wealth of left-over dishes usually unknown to the modern wife.

"My husband called them 'poor do' dishes," Miss Allie laughs, "but I had to make ends meet."

And my colonel husband whose ends have always met most admirably eats with delight Miss Allie's beef hash made with onion and tops (but no carrots or potatoes), her biscuit pudding and her ground chicken loaf to mention a few.

She guards the left-over vegetables with an eagle eye until there's enough for really good soup. Left-over bread makes cheese pudding, left-over cake is toasted with raisins.

A RED hibiscus blossom touches the window; I watch a bird fly to the mango tree; close by the mango is the plot that made our first garden.

"If you'll dig up the grass," Miss Allie had said to my husband, "there's no reason why we can't have a fine garden. We could grow all our own vegetables."

"But, Nonie," my husband objected, "we'd have to buy fertilizer. And you're from Texas; you just don't know about Florida bugs."

"Every state has its own bugs. But if we grow our own vegetables, think how much better they'll taste. Besides, you sit too much. Sitting causes fat, fat causes high blood pressure."

Whichever point was made, my husband began digging the grass plot the next afternoon.

The family planted the garden. Miss Allie who had learned the dignity and depth of seeds when she was a girl on a farm in Texas gave the orders.

"Don't pack so much dirt around the peas."

"Be careful with the bean seed."

"Asparagus needs a trench, garbage and tin cans."

"Be careful when you hoe the peppers."

I don't know why the bugs didn't come; but Miss Allie's magic set our plants abloom. We harvested beans, bell peppers, carrots, lettuce; canned a winter's supply of tomatoes and sold our overabundance of beans and peppers to the super markets.

When we were transferred repeatedly during World War II, Miss Allie always found a place between rows, around corners, behind shrubs where she could tuck in a few onion sets and plant a few seeds.

DOROTHY, who teaches a Sunday-school class, knocked yesterday afternoon. I was on my way out.

"Never mind, Lou," she said. "I came to see your mother. Our Sunday-school lesson is on the minor prophets, and she has to teach me so I can go and teach the class."

Miss Allie has never been to college except to see her grandsons graduate, but she has studied the Bible all her life. Now that she can't walk without support, she dresses in her best on Sunday morning and spends extra time on brushing her wheat-colored hair.

"I was brought up with Sunday," she says quietly. And to her grandchildren who would have liked to be off to the movies or the golf course for the last eighteen years, "There are plenty of other days for frolicking. People should go to church and to visit the sick and the needy on the Sabbath. A lot of people in the world just need company."

Our boys attended church with us until they left for college. Sunday afternoons, I might add, my husband and I visit the sick. Mother, calm at home, and proud of her children, snaps on the television and watches her favorite program.

YOUR ELDERS may brighten homework for your children the way Miss Allie did for ours.

Paul looked up from a difficult algebra lesson. "I can't work this one." I was silent; I'd forgotten all the algebra I ever knew. Dexter, electrical engineer but bad memory, slid farther behind his paper.

"Bring it here, Paul," Miss Allie said. And in a few moments Paul's algebra problem was solved and Miss Allie returned to listening to *One Man's Family*. Paul's astonishment turned to increased admiration for his grandmother which has lasted the years.

Biology knowledge marched along with quadratic equations. Miss Allie knew the names of most trees and birds. History, classically taught, peopled our sons' themes in stories of great people whom my husband and I had never heard of.

Her knowledge of the late eighteen hundreds was also superior in geography. "Old Monteiths," Miss Allie says, "didn't just tell you about the shape and size of the world—it told you about snow, the dews and the damps. And we studied physiology

CHRISTIAN HERALD

then until we could name all the bones of the body and trace the blood system."

And so our sons, thanks to Miss Allie, can trace their blood and name their bones. This boost for homework is closer than a tutor and one dollar and seventy-five cents an hour cheaper.

AS FOR the children who visit our home, she entertains them with games long forgotten in the game books and never sold in the stores:

"Club Fist" stacks fists as high as you have hands and children take turns removing them or knocking them off.

"William Bo, Tremble Toe" places all tiny fingers on any handy object while the leader chants,

*William Bo, Tremble Toe,
He's a good fisherman, catches hens,
Puts 'em in pens;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew East, one flew West,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.
O-U-T spells "out."
You old dirty dish rag,
YOU ARE OUT!*

Then one child goes a required distance while another chants, "Would you like to come home on a boat, an airplane, or a train—" or any choice of anything the prompter has named himself. If a child names the prompter's name, he is fetched home; if not, he comes home on his tiptoes, whistling—

The small ones Tremble Toe at Miss Allie's knee and go home to have their mothers call me, "Lou, does your mother have time to tell me how to play William Bo, Tremble Toe?"

WE DO not recommend Miss Allie's home remedies, we just use them; and, except for special treatment for our handicapped son, seldom see a doctor bill. Perhaps her special knowledge of blood and bones has given her more than the usual practical know-how, for we're never quite sure whether it's Miss Allie or her out-dated remedies that keep us on our feet.

Grandmother doesn't deal in the sulfas or antibiotics; neither do we. We drink a glass of warm water before breakfast, breathe deeply many times a day before the nearest open window and eat plenty of green leafy vegetables.

"We ate turnip greens, collards, cabbage and black-eyed peas when I was growing up; Pa took the corn we'd grown at home and had it ground into meal. Can't remember any of us ever being sick. Not even the dogs that ate the scraps! After I was married we didn't have a doctor in the community where we lived. I had to use home remedies."

Miss Allie recommends: butterfly root for measles; soda and molasses for

whooping cough; lard and black pepper heated in a bag and held to the ear for earache; and oat straw and cream for shingles.

As for the flu, Grandmother has her own opinion. "Couldn't be worse than 1918," she says. "I nursed case after case and cured them all. Just put two tablespoons of castor oil, seven drops of turpentine and a level teaspoon of soda in a cup of hot water. Let cool and drink slowly. If chest is involved, fold a woolen cloth, spread with tallow or lard, saturate with turpentine and camphor and pin on next to bare chest."

"I'd prefer death," my husband teases. We'll see.

HOWEVER rewarding, the analyst's couch is expensive. Miss Allie says, and proves it, that most psychological problems can be solved by love.

When one of our sons brought home a neighbor boy who was mentally handicapped and the other children who'd come to play didn't understand, Miss Allie said, "Too bad they aren't old enough to know that each of us is whole, each handicapped, in his own way. Jim is slow; but Arthur lies. Every one of us has something to be happy about, something to be sad about."

When Dexter and I married, Miss Allie said to me, "You'll never have any argument or misunderstanding that lasts, if you'll always think of Dexter first"; and then to him, "She'll be all you've wanted or dreamed, if you'll always think of her first."

As for insomnia and those millions of dollars a year spent on sleeping pills and tranquilizers—we don't buy them. We're saving our money for a mountain home in North Carolina. Miss Allie's remedy for insomnia is simple. Drop to the floor, clear down on your knees, and pray that the Lord will help you to help other people.

And when you get in bed, lie on your right side, clasp each arm and your feet together (this aids circulation). Begin with A and repeat Bible verses alphabetically. Grandmother, wheaten hair and wisdom, guarantees sleep before you get to Z.

MISS ALLIE has never owned a jewel or an evening gown. She has no acquaintance with Freud, T. S. Eliot, or Ernest Hemingway. Your elder parents are perhaps better educated, and have a different store of thoughts and deeds. But it is your privilege to tap the resources they have brought to your home.

For when our friends speak of A. T. and T., Bethlehem Steel, or dividends from some of the minor mergers, we smile lovingly at Miss Allie. We all know that up to now she's been the big dividend in our lives. **THE END**

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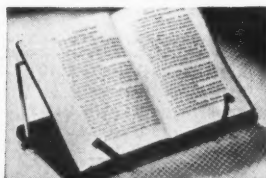
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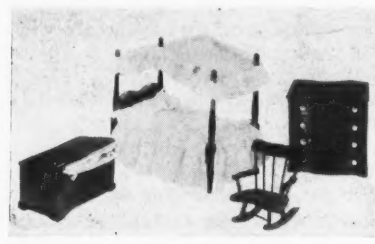
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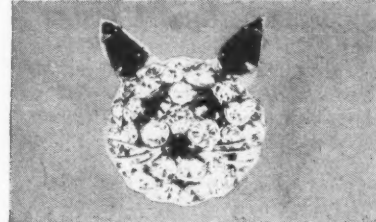
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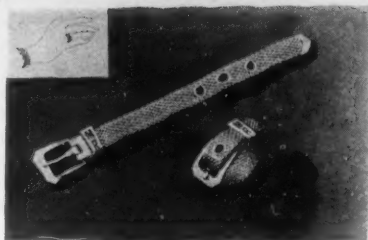
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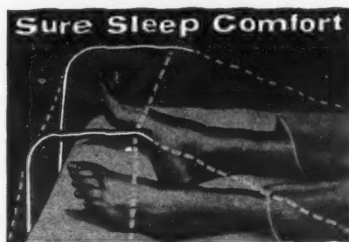
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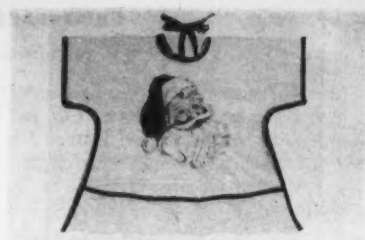
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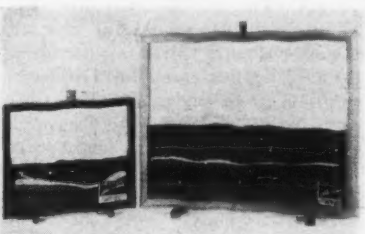
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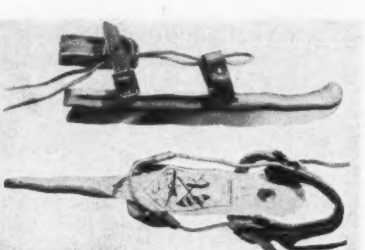
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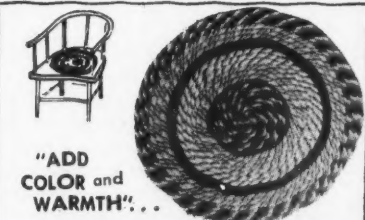
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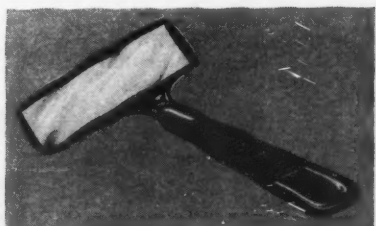
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CHRISTMAS EVE VISITOR

(Continued from page 13)

friends," and we felt we had received our own first Christmas gift in his gratitude for the shared hour.

There may be years in which the role is reversed. Circumstances may make it necessary for me to be the one who goes forth in search of sustenance for the heart.

Well do I recall the Christmas when a loved one was ill. Driving home alone from the hospital in the rain I reflected on how different was this from other Christmas Eves. I felt for the first time a real sense of identification with those who had sometimes come up our walk. The lighted windows of the homes called out to me that others were enjoying Christmas together. Yet the realization came that I did not need to feel completely alone. This might be my year to let someone else open the door of his heart and home to me in friendliness. Perhaps it was my turn to accept the messages of good will.

Next the thought occurred to me that maybe I should hurry home and cut a portion of the fruit bread, and take it to a bedfast neighbor. She was not well enough to be out in a car even to observe the Christmas lights as I was doing.

In the varied years that I have been looking for the Christ Child to come up our walk on Christmas Eve, never once has He failed to arrive. Glad am I now that each time He has appeared in a different guise. This has taught me to try to become more aware of the Christ Child in each of us. Hidden by the responsibilities of earning a living or covered over by layers of sorrows and sins, the Babe lives on in the hearts of those whom He came to seek.

So I shall be lighting the Christmas Eve Candle again this season, hoping He will come to my heart first, illuminating it enough so that I can see Him clearly in others.

THE END

A SANCTUARY FOR BROTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 26)

on our right and Catholics on our left and Protestants in support? We were just Americans—and we were scared to death. Men and women, we must be like that now."

There in Christ Church, all unknowing, that Catholic boy expressed in words the ideal of the interfaith memorial I had been planning and dreaming of almost from the day that I had learned the story of the Dorchester chaplains. As I thought again and again of how my son Clark had gone down with his three companions, it came to me that the drama of their sacrifice could best be memorialized and remembered in a shrine that would bring together the altars of their three faiths. Between the inspiration, in 1943, and the realization, in 1951, there was an arduous and often discouraging period of planning, designing, and fund-raising. Somehow, with dedicated help from more good people than can possibly be named, the work was finally finished, and the Chapel of Four Chaplains was dedicated. Today, in the heart of Temple University and within the walls and beneath the sanctuary of the Baptist Temple—both of which, university and church, were founded by Russell H. Conwell—the Chapel of Four Chaplains stands as an enduring memorial not only to the sacrifices of four young men but to a holy purpose.

On one of the chapel's walls, through the generosity of Albert M. Greenfield, a public-spirited Philadelphia businessman, a mural by the artist Nils Hogner depicts the sinking of the *Dorchester*. The figures of the four chaplains, pho-

tographic in their likeness, are life size. On the opposite wall, facing the mural, five bronze tablets carry the names of the nearly seven hundred men who went down with their chaplains. These memorial tablets were the gift of the women of Philadelphia through the interfaith Religion in Life Group.

The focal point of the room, which seats as many as three hundred people, is the three altars—Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant—within the chancel arch. Only one of these altars may be seen at a time, for each one, moving into view on a revolving platform, completely fills the arch. During the regular Sunday services the altars are displayed one after another as the platform turns clockwise.

Each of the altars was furnished and decorated by members of its faith. While canon law prohibits the Roman Catholic altar from ever being consecrated in association with the altars of other faiths, it is nonetheless dressed for the mystery of the Mass, and quite informally laymen and clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church come to the chapel to remember the heroes of the three faiths.

The Roman Catholic altar, with its crucifix from Rome and its marble from Italy, was the gift of Roman Catholic laymen. The Jewish altar has above it the Ark of the Covenant containing the Torah, jeweled and exquisitely beautiful. It was the gift of B'nai B'rith. The Protestant altar was the gift of Miss Mary Louise Seltzer, of Philadelphia.

The "universal" entrance to the chapel was the last of the major ele-

ments to be financed. The fund-raising committee had reached the end of its known resources before the money for this part of the project was in hand, and it was with a heavy heart that I left the scene to fly away on another overseas mission. Returning from abroad in time to keep a speaking engagement in Minneapolis, where the national convention of the Fraternal Order of Eagles was being held, I was sick with a cold and a mood of depression was on me. I almost decided to cancel my plans. Then, as I prayed, the conviction came to me that I must go to Minneapolis.

Robert Hansen, then the editor of the *Eagle*, and one of the public-spirited founders of the All-American Conference to Combat Communism, met me at the airport. As we drove into town, I opened my heart and spilled out my troubles. Bob not only listened sympathetically but pumped me dry with his questions. When we arrived at the hall, the governor of the state, scheduled as the concluding speaker, was in the closing moments of his message.

After he had been heard, the chairman held the convention in order and introduced me. Surely God was with me. He gave me a message and I delivered it. After I had described the chapel and its purpose, I explained the significance of the proposed universal entrance. When I had finished, Bob Hansen came to the front of the platform. In a brief but moving statement he told about my dilemma, about the work that still needed to be done, and about our lack of funds. With a roar that was unanimous, the Eagles took over the completion of that final part—the universal entrance—of the chapel.

Today a great bronze plate bearing the names of all the chaplains of all faiths who died in World War II fills the wall at the right of the tower entrance under the Eternal Light. On the tablet is the simple statement that the Fraternal Order of Eagles made the gift. Above the stairway that leads down into the chapel these words are chiseled into the stone: THE CHAPEL OF FOUR CHAPLAINS, AN INTERFAITH MEMORIAL. HERE IS SANCTUARY FOR BROTHERHOOD. LET IT NEVER BE VIOLATED. Above the chapel, carillon bells ring out the message of faith and brotherhood. High above and beyond the halls of Temple University, they peal their message of peace with hope triumphant beyond time and space.

In the course of a year the chapel is now visited by thousands of people. In addition to the regular services, there are many special programs, and many visits by special groups. Practically every patriotic and religious organization of Philadelphia has made the chapel its sacred rendezvous. The
(Continued on page 56)

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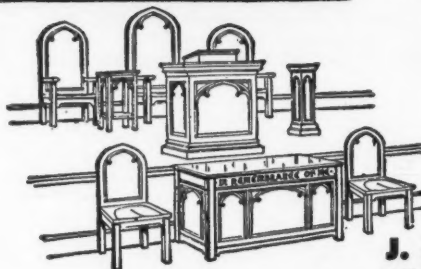
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Dr. Poling's Gift Book Suggestions

(Excerpts are from this year's previously published reviews of these books.)

GREEN GROWS IVY, by Ivy Baker Priest (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95).

"An autobiography in the mood of rich-running fiction at its best."

OUT OF MY HEART, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Houghton Mifflin, \$3).

"Doctrinally and theologically, the book will at times challenge the convictions and simple faith of many of her readers."

THE HEART IS THE TEACHER, by Leonard Covello (McGraw-Hill, \$4.75).

"The most emotionally gripping and all-rewarding autobiography that I have read in a long time."

WEDEMAYER REPORTS! by General Albert C. Wedemeyer (Henry Holt, \$6).

"One of the most articulate and factual writers covers with authority the World War II areas in which he played a vital part."

TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY, by Pat Boone (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95)

"Perhaps the most unusual book yet written by any young man of the author's age."

THE FIRST EASTER, by Peter Marshall, edited by Catherine Marshall (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50).

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ADVENTURERS FOR GOD, by Clarence W. Hall (Harper, \$3.75).

"The number one missionary and travel book of the year."

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW, by Lowell Russell Ditzen (Henry Holt, \$3.50).

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DEAR AND GLORIOUS PHYSICIAN, by Taylor Caldwell (Doubleday, \$3.95).

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JESUS AND HUMAN CONFLICT, by Henry A. Fast (Herald, \$3.75).

"This reviewer . . . does greatly appreciate the objectivity and scholarly sincerity with which the author's convictions are presented."

RICHARD NIXON, by Earl Mazo (Harper, \$3.95).

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BEST SERMONS, 1959-1960, *Protestant Edition*, edited by G. Paul Butler (Crowell, \$3.95).

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CONVERSION, by E. Stanley Jones (Abingdon, \$3.25).

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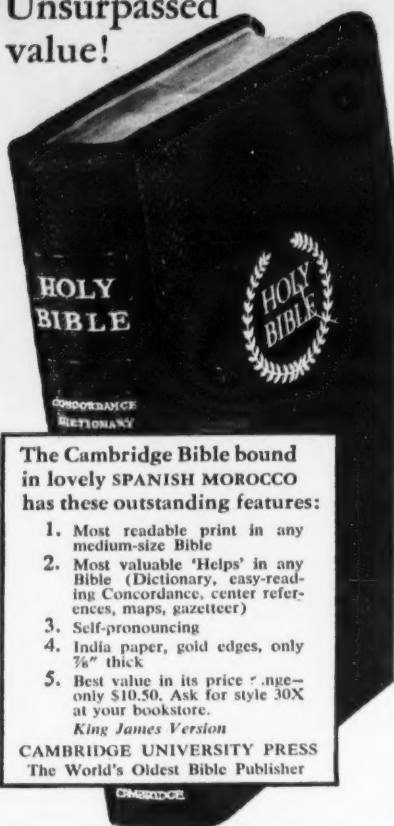
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THE New Books

Reviewed by DANIEL A. POLING
RUTH M. ELMQUIST

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN, by Daniel A. Poling (McGraw-Hill, N.Y., 291 pp., \$5).

Of all forms of literature, the autobiography is one of the most difficult to write. Simply deciding *when* to write is no simple problem. Dan Poling has long since had a "bookful" of adventures and his associates have for years insisted, "Now is the time." Finally, he took their advice. While the adventures go on, the book (the first autobiographical volume, at any rate!) is done.

And what a book it is! Read it, and you discover the wellsprings and motivations of the man who, perhaps more than any other, has for almost five decades dominated the American religious scene by his sheer physical, spiritual and patriotic ruggedness. Reading their way to knowing him better, his hosts of friends will admire him more and his handful of critics will at least begin to understand what it is that powers him. Dan Poling, one feels, has been more than an individual; he's been a force—and that for good—which was contained, under pressure, in a human being.

One is the richer not only for knowing him better, but for better knowing the period in which he has been living by seeing it through his eyes—eyes which have looked upon an incredible amount of territory, twinkled at many funny things, flashed with boundless crusading fervor, sobered at intimate tragedy. Here is living history—not as a passive observer reports it, but as a latter day prophet-patriot wades into it and sometimes shapes it. Here is living faith, too, not in pious phrases but in bared-arm deeds and searching moments stretching all the way from the hills of Oregon to the battlefields of both World Wars, two of the mightiest pulpits in America and the thundering editorial leadership of a great religious journal.

Now mine eyes have seen, too!
Selection of *Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf*.—KENNETH L. WILSON

THE NATURE AND AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE, by Raymond Abba (Muhlenberg, Philadelphia, 333 pp., \$4.50).

Recent times have produced perhaps a change of emphasis in Bible studies, where the emphasis is placed upon the significance of the Bible as the living and abiding word of God. This is the background of a thoughtful and scholarly work. It is the author's conviction that the Bible is authoritative as the record and the instrument of a unique divine revelation which culminates in Jesus Christ. The range is almost encyclopaedic, and Biblical au-

thority is related to such burning contemporary issues as military service and divorce.—D.A.P.

A HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, by Fred Gladstone Bratton (Beacon, Boston, 382 pp., \$4.95).

The full story of the origin and development of the Bible as a human document. I know of no other single volume covering all of the material essential for an introduction of the Bible through the historical method. Recent archaeological discoveries are incorporated and the language is non-technical. The author is objective and of sound scholarship. Extreme fundamentalism will reject some of the "findings," but liberals and conservatives will applaud the scholarship of this book.—D.A.P.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Random House, N.Y., 186 pp., \$1.95).

This is a book for children, for teen-agers, but written with the diction and erudition of Harry Emerson Fosdick it is a book for adults too. Moving through these pages, I found myself sitting with a group listening as I might have listened to the author talk about Jesus, Who was indeed, as Thomas Jefferson has named, "The most sublime personality of whom history has a record."—D.A.P.

CHRISTMAS, An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art, Volume 29, edited by Randolph E. Haugen (Augsburg, Minneapolis, 68 pp., \$1.50; library edition \$3.50).

This is the annual always eagerly awaited by the Christmas reading public. As always, it is typographically beautiful, illustrated in color, with the editorial material beautifully written and illustrated. A Christmas volume agreeable and inspiring for the young and older alike.—D.A.P.

IMPATIENT GIANT, Red China Today, by Gerald Clark (McKay, N.Y., 212 pp., \$4.50).

I asked my friend Dr. Frank T. Cartwright, distinguished Methodist churchman and missionary, to review for me *Impatient China*, and this is his succinct appraisal:

"The writer of this book, a mature and widely experienced correspondent for the *Montreal Star*, modestly disclaims authority in writing on the 'various fields touched on.' He has, however, the authority of one

CHRISTIAN HERALD

who has lately spent considerable time in mainland China and who has looked objectively at conditions in China within the limit of time spent there.

"Mr. Clark has pictured the immense gains already achieved in the material sense, while pointing out that Peking claims as to these gains are highly exaggerated. As a member of the freer world, he views with disgust and a touch of fear the totalitarian drive towards reducing the masses to obedient automata. His characterization (page 5) of China as possessing 'an incredible human energy that is transforming a once backward nation into a mighty awesome power' is a brief summary of the impression gained from a careful reading of the book.

"I heartily commend *Impatient Giant* to thoughtful students of world affairs."
—D.A.P.

THE LANDS AND PEOPLES OF THE LIVING BIBLE, by Bernard Youngman, edited by Walter Russell Bowie (Hawthorn, N.Y., \$6.95)

Here, indeed, is an illuminating and fascinating narrative history of the Old and New Testaments, recreating the lives and times of the great and humble people of Biblical days.

This book is valuable to the Bible student for reference; its orderliness of topic and its encyclopedic and compact arrangement will appeal to such readers. Not only Bible students, however, but anyone who reads this book will be drawn to it by its lively literary style, its selectivity of subject matter, its beauty of production and its compelling manner in retelling the facts of ancient days.

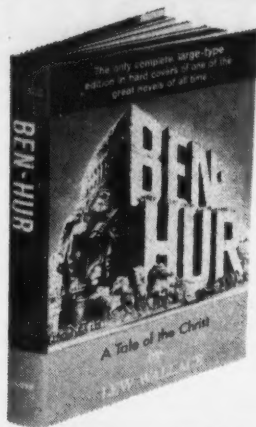
Two Bible authorities have collaborated on this volume, taking the reader into every place where Biblical history was made, and enlightening each step of the way from the time of Abraham down to the Apostles and the spread of the Gospel out from the Mesopotamia. Its content is rich in ancient thought and records, as well as the most modern findings of the archaeologists. More than 200 drawings, photographs and maps of Bible lands and peoples make this a volume of grandeur, rich in detail. Here is a life-time investment for the family library. A *Family Bookshelf dividend*.—R.M.E.

KETTLE OF FIRE, by H. L. Davis (Morrow, N.Y., 189 pp., \$3.95).

To the charge of being prejudiced, I must plead guilty. This writing is of my own country, the land of Oregon, and it is delightfully done—Oregon and Washington, the mighty rivers, Puget Sound, the high mountains with their eternal snows, vast forests of Douglas fir, and the valleys that run emerald and gold between the ranges. A book to revel in.—D.A.P.

FIRES OF YOUTH, by Margaret B. McGee (Muhlenberg, Philadelphia, 282 pp., \$3.50).

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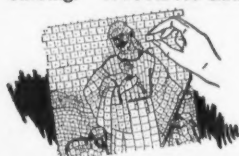
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IN ALL LOVE AND HONOR, by Scudder M. Parker (Abingdon, Nashville, 159 pp., \$2.95).

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DANCE BACK THE BUFFALO, by Milton Lott (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 406 pp., \$4.50).

This novel articulates the profound and elemental emotions of a primitive people. It is a story that has superlative touches of the mystical and yet is as realistic and factual as the slaughter of a helpless Indian village. The principal characters—the missionary, the young scientist, the missionary's wife, and the one Indian who stands alone among his people—are etched with a pen sharpened to finest writing. Here are pages filled with material to make the white conqueror in our time feel sadly ashamed. A truly great novel.—D.A.P.

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, by Roy Campanella (Little, Brown, Boston, 306 pp., \$4.50).

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THE ALMOST CHOSEN PEOPLE, by William J. Wolf (Doubleday, N.Y., 215 pp., \$3.95).

The controversy over Abraham Lincoln's religious beliefs has long since for reasonable men and women passed out of reasonable discussion. Save only as it may be "sound and fury," it has no justification for continuing to exist. This is an anecdotal volume and perhaps the first authoritative study of Lincoln's faith to appear in more than twenty years. It presents Lincoln's religious convictions as a vital, integral part of his social conscience. It is illuminated with excerpts from his speeches and letters. Also, Lincoln is revealed as a sensitive student of the Scriptures, and the author insists that he "is one of the greatest theologians of America!"—D.A.P.

RETURN TO ZINDPUR

(Continued from page 30)

tinued, "I went to the United States. I wasn't rich and I went to work. Many Americans helped me and I am grateful for that. But one of the reasons they helped me was because I helped myself. I worked for what I needed and I worked hard. And finally, because the people of the United States appreciate initiative and hard work, they awarded me one of the highest honors a man can have—in their country—they elected me to their Congress.

"Perhaps," concluded Saund, "if you did something yourselves about your problems, your government might think you were worth helping." And then he drove away, leaving behind a silent group of chastened men.

That was two years ago. His tour of India finished, Dalip Singh Saund returned to the United States and his responsibilities in the House of Representatives, unaware of the enduring repercussions his few strong words had had among the farmers of Zindpur.

Not long ago the American aide who had accompanied Congressman Saund on his village tour returned to the area

in the company of another Indian rural development official.

"You know," the officer was saying, "village work can be hard and frustrating, but it can also be wonderfully rewarding when you finally see the people catch fire and get to work. There is a village down this road"—and he waved down a path that seemed familiar to the American visitor—"that we worked on for years without results. The peasants wouldn't budge—wouldn't do a thing to help themselves but wanted us to do everything for them. Then suddenly, about two years ago, everything changed.

"First the villagers came to us and wanted to know how to build a school and when we told them they built it themselves. Then they wanted a new well, so we gave them advice and they built that. Then they went ahead and built a road for themselves. In two years the village of Zindpur has been completely transformed. You'd hardly recognize it. I don't know what finally happened to change them, but whatever it was, it was wonderful." **END**

RELIGIOUS RECORDS

Reviewed by GEOFFREY O'HARA

LET'S All Sing to Him, says Red Foley backed by a chorus and small orchestra on a disc by Decca (DL 8903). Red Foley took this reviewer back to World War I when "Brighten the Corner" was the official (and most popular) song of the 11th Infantry. Red lets us have it with all the enthusiasm that has made him popular. Old familiar gospel songs including *Brighten the Corner*; *Work for the Night Is Coming*; *Love Lifted Me*; *Rock of Ages*; *Kneel at the Cross*; *Let the Lower Lights*; *Shall We Gather at the River*; *Glory to His Name*; *Where He Leads Me*; *The Church in the Wildwood*.

Praise We Sing, answers the Mennonite Hour a cappella choral group on *Mennonite Hour* (MH-LP 8). A very diversified well enunciated collection including *Now Thank We All Our God*; *God of Our Fathers*; *Praise to God*; *Immortal Praise*; *How Great Thou Art*; *Let All on Earth Their Voices Raise*; *Great God of Wonders*.

Lovers of a cappella singing will appreciate the forthright style and general musicianly performance of the **Princeton Seminary Choir** (RCA Victor LPM-1903) directed by David H. Jones. A good documentary for the great heritage that is Princeton. *O Bonè Jesu*; *The Spacious Firmament*; *Confitemini Domino*; *Jesus, Gentle Babe*; *Were You There*; *Rise Up, O Men of God*; *With Heart Uplifted*; *I Wonder as I Wander* and others.

WE'VE been hearing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" sung by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir accompanied by the Philadelphia Orchestra quite often on radio and television recently. It is from the album *The Lord's Prayer* (Columbia, ML 5386), and this song alone in the popular Wilhousky arrangement is worth the price of the record. Other favorites include *Blessed Are They That Mourn*; *O, My Father*; *148th Psalm*; *Londonderry Air*; *David's Lamentation*. This choir also has an unusual collection of Christmas carols, including the not-too-well-known ones, titled *The Spirit of Christmas* (Columbia, ML 5423). Grand and glorious music.

Christian Faith Women's Chorus brings us *The Songs of Fanny Crosby*—or at least 9 of the best of the 6000 she is said to have written. (*Christian*

Faith, WC 1321). These are beautifully sung with lovely quality and we can even hear the words! *All the Way*; *Blessed Assurance*; *To God Be the Glory*; *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*; *Saved By Grace*; *He Hideth My Soul*; *Re-deemed*; *Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet*; *Near the Cross*.

Christmas Carols (CF-1301) sung by the Christian Faith a cappella Choir is a choice selection of carols, songs and hymns, all worthy of this choir's talents. This reviewer was glad to again hear "The Birthday of a King" by Neidlinger, beautifully reborn.

The great bass voice of **John Webb** shows to advantage in this **Volume II** (*Christian Faith*, JW 5013). His whole vocal range is good; his lowest tones phenomenal; his enunciation and clarity pleasantly excellent, easy to listen to, and rewarding. *Buried Down Deep*; *Lead Kindly Light*; *I Will Pilot Thee*; *Goin' Home*; *The Lord's Prayer*; *My Father Watches Over Me*; *Teach Me To Pray*; *The Glory of His Presence*; *Deep River*; *Now the Day Is Over*.

Moments of Inspiration (Word, W3061) features Bill Mann, one of our best tenors with a voice completely at home singing sacred music. Fine work on *Stranger of Galilee*, and 11 others.

We can't leave out George Beverly Shea's recent excellent pressing *The Love of God* (RCA Victor, LPM, 1949) including the title song, *God Will Take Care of You*; *Christ Is a Wonderful Saviour*; *How Long Has It Been?* *My Saviour's Love*; *God Is so Good*; *I Love Thy Presence, Lord*; *I Asked the Lord* and others. Bev's style, enunciation and projection of the message are too well known for this reviewer to say other than "get it." Ditto for his delightful collection of *Christmas Hymns* (RCA Victor, LPM 2064).

Just in time for Christmas: **Season's Greetings** (Columbia, CL 1394) has Christmas selections from many stars—Mitch Miller, Johnny Mathis, Bing Crosby, Norman Luboff Choir, Percy Faith, The Hi-Lo's, Ed Kenney. Unusual, with something for everyone. *The Birth of Christ* (Epic, LC 3614) all sung in Latin by the Netherlands Chamber Choir, the music of Praetorius, Palestrina, Sweelinck, Lasso. *Music of Christmas*, Percy Faith and His Orchestra (Columbia, CL 1381), is for those who want beautiful familiar carols without singing.

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BROTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 49)

American Legion launched its Back to God movement here. State governors and leaders in the national government, as well as many noted and worthy men and women in public life have been among the visitors. Distinguished scholars, Jewish and Christian, from the United States and abroad, have come to speak from this pulpit.

Free of debt, the chapel today goes forward with its work which is supported by contributions and bequests that will, I believe, eventually build an adequate supporting fund. It makes me particularly happy that my venerable friend J. C. Penney, my inspiration and organizational associate for nearly forty years, is chairman of the Friends of the Chapel of Four Chaplains, the body that draws together the chapel's supporters and handles its organizational aspects. While I have been the chapel's chaplain from the beginning, and will so remain until I die, the chaplain-in-charge is Walter H. White. This man, who came to the chapel from his service in the Navy, has been God's gift to the memorial, for he is indefatigable, a veritable genius as an organizer, and an inspiration to young and old alike.

How difficult it is for Americans to maintain in peace the unity that our sons, and we too, on the home front, achieved during the war is illustrated by the problem that faced us even before the chapel was finished.

In the fall of 1950, at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia we held the banquet that marked the conclusion of our active financial campaign. It was a gala and impressive interfaith occasion. Our toastmaster was former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts. United States Senator Herbert H. Lehman came as the special representative of President Truman to speak for his Jewish faith. The honorable Charles P. Taft, mayor of Cincinnati and president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., spoke for the Protestants. Our third key speaker was to have been Congressman John Kennedy of Massachusetts. He had graciously accepted our invitation to take part in the program as a spokesman for his Roman Catholic faith. Yet, bowing to the will of an eminent Catholic prelate, Mr. Kennedy disappointed us.

Two days before the banquet, Mr. Kennedy telephoned me from Washington and said that he would have to cancel his appearance. His Eminence Denis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia has requested him not to speak at the banquet and not to appear. The congressman's distress was obvious as he relayed this information.

All but overwhelmed with my disappointment, I reminded Mr. Kennedy that the banquet was a civic occasion, that all the faiths were participating, and that we were meeting not in a Protestant church, but on neutral ground in a hotel. The congressman replied that he understood all this and that he had done everything he could to change the cardinal's position. His speech was prepared, he said, and he would gladly forward it to me, but as a loyal son of the Church, he had no alternative but not to come. Unquestionably, Mr. Kennedy was grieved as he reported Cardinal Dougherty's decision to me, and unquestionably also, he was profoundly embarrassed.

We hastily had the banquet programs reprinted to eliminate Congressman Kennedy's name, and though many Roman Catholics were present at the dinner and participated in the evening's events, there was no spokesman for their faith—Cardinal Dougherty's ruling had come too late in the day for us even to attempt to secure an adequate replacement for John Kennedy.

In the interests of the unity the Chapel symbolizes, the story behind Mr. Kennedy's failure to appear was



GOSSIP

As the snowslide gains in speed and volume,
As the storm increases in its wrath,
So gossip grows when rolled from tongue to tongue
Until it crushes those who cross its path.
—Inez Clark Thorson



not publicly referred to at the banquet or elsewhere, but those of us who knew were indeed heartsick. The Chapel of Four Chaplains is a symbol of a cause that is dearer to me than my physical existence. The Chapel, as I often point out, is not an argument or a debate, nor is it in any sense an expression of theological uniformity; it has nothing to do with canon law. Rather, it is the embodiment of the concept that all men are equal in God's sight.

The late Cardinal Dougherty's attitude toward me personally was always generous and benign, but he was adamant in withholding his endorsement of the interfaith memorial. He issued no public statement, but he took from me in my campaign to complete the chapel several distinguished Roman Catholics who were my close friends. Though they remained my friends, they could no longer help actively.

Protestants generally have difficulty in understanding such manifestations of what they may regard as a narrow and limited view of Christian faith. They cannot but be disturbed by the steady withdrawal of Catholic clergymen from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, which has now become largely a conference of Jews and Protestants, and the resignation of priests from Rotary and other service clubs. But Protestants and all others should know that the Roman Catholic hierarchy ever acts as it believes it must—in loyalty to the faith that it believes was once and forever committed to its guardianship. Only in the extreme ordeals of war, it seems, will the hierarchy relax its interpretation and rigid enforcement of canon law.

There was Catholic opposition even to the chapel's mural which depicted a priest of the Church dying in prayer, his own prayer, with a Jew and two Protestants.

Certain it is that Roman Catholic prelates enjoy considerable latitude in interpreting and enforcing canon law, and it was some consolation that two eminent priests of the Church personally assured me that Cardinal Dougherty's attitude in dealing with the Chapel of Four Chaplains was his own. Both these men were contributors to the altar that memorializes Father John Washington.

At the chapel's dedication, on February 3, 1951, we were again faced with the crippling effect of Cardinal Dougherty's authority. A program of distinction had been arranged. President Truman was to deliver the address of dedication to an audience that would represent all the armed services and be carried throughout the world by radio and television. Brigadier General James O'Neil, then Deputy Chief of Chaplains of the Army, was to offer the closing prayer and benediction. Jimmy O'Neil was a close personal friend of mine; I had been with him in Luxemburg shortly after the Battle of the Bulge, when he was the senior chaplain of General George S. Patton's Third Army. I knew no Catholic chaplain I would rather have seen take part in the chapel's dedication.

A few days before the ceremony the Chief of Chaplain's office in Washington telephoned me to say that Cardinal Dougherty had requested Father O'Neil not to take part in the dedication. Later, in tears, Jimmy personally expressed his disappointment to me.

"You understand, Dan," he said.

Yes, I understood his predicament, but I shall always regret the thinking of the cardinal who brought it about.

When President Truman learned of Chaplain O'Neil's forced withdrawal, he was incensed. He felt, as I did, that a bishop of the Church had invaded the

province of the State. As Commander in Chief of our Armed Forces, the President, it seemed to us, had every right to expect the presence and participation of an army chaplain at such an interfaith occasion.

Certain that it would now be impossible to secure any other Roman Catholic clergyman to offer the closing prayer, I turned to a famous Catholic layman, General William ("Wild Bill") Donovan, who had been from the beginning an active member of the chapel's sponsoring committee and its vice-chairman. General Donovan did not disappoint us in this hour of the chapel's need. He appeared at the ceremony and introduced the President.

Mr. Truman spoke movingly about our religious heritage:

"We must forget that this country was founded by men who came to these shores to worship God as they pleased. Catholics, Jews, and Protestants all came here for this great purpose. They did not come here to do as they pleased—but to worship God as they pleased, and that is an important distinction. The unity of our country comes from this fact. The unity of our country is a unity under God. It is a unity in freedom, for the service of God is the perfect freedom. If we remember our faith in God, if we live by it as our forefathers did, we need have no fear of the future."

After the dedication, as we drove the President to his special train, I asked Mr. Truman whether we might have for the chapel the Presidential Seal that had hung on the pulpit while he spoke. He seemed pleased that I had asked for it. Today, suitably framed, it hangs on one of the chapel walls. The combined vestry and study of the chapel, which, as a memorial to our son Clark, was furnished by members of our family, is now known as the Presidential Room. Mr. Truman occupied it during the interval before the exercises began, and now his chair stands against one of the walls, where we shall eventually hang a portrait of the man who not only dedicated the interfaith memorial but was the constant friend of its holy purpose.

Since the day nine years ago that Congressman Kennedy acknowledged and accepted the authority of the Roman Catholic Church and withdrew from the banquet program of the Chapel of Four Chaplains, he has on a number of occasions endeavored to make clear his personal position as a Roman Catholic in the American political scene.

I have studied his statements with understandable concern, especially his view that a man's religion is a private matter and that nothing should take precedence over an office-holder's oath

(Continued on page 59)



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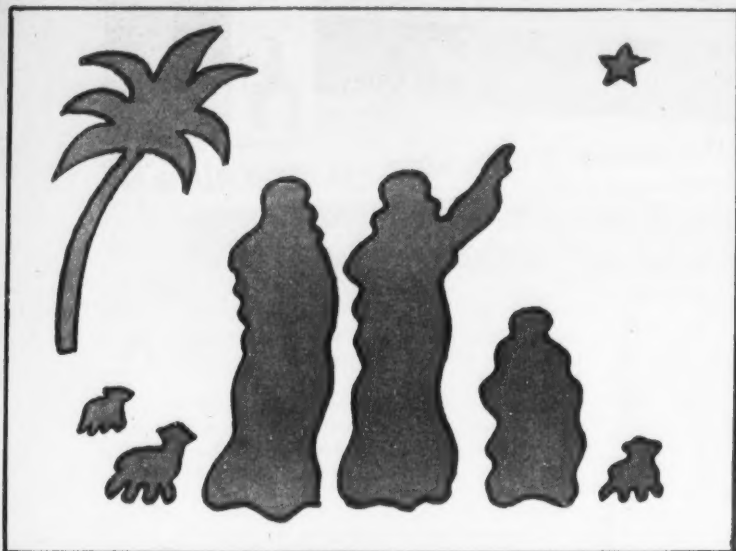
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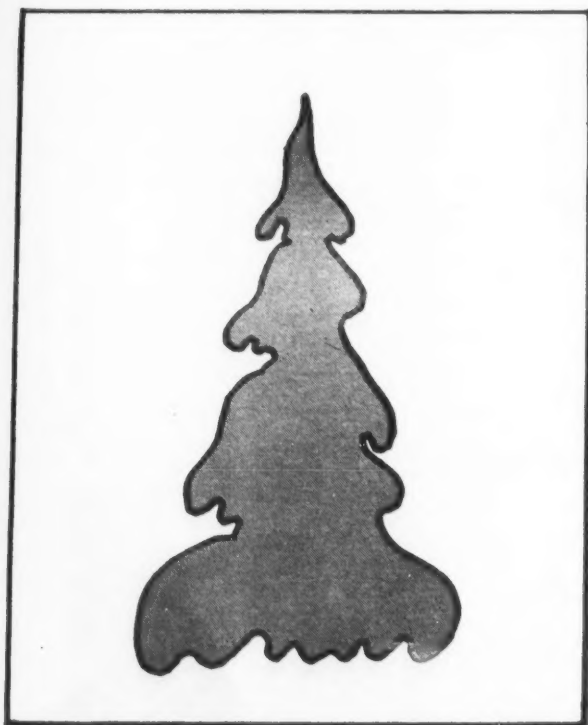
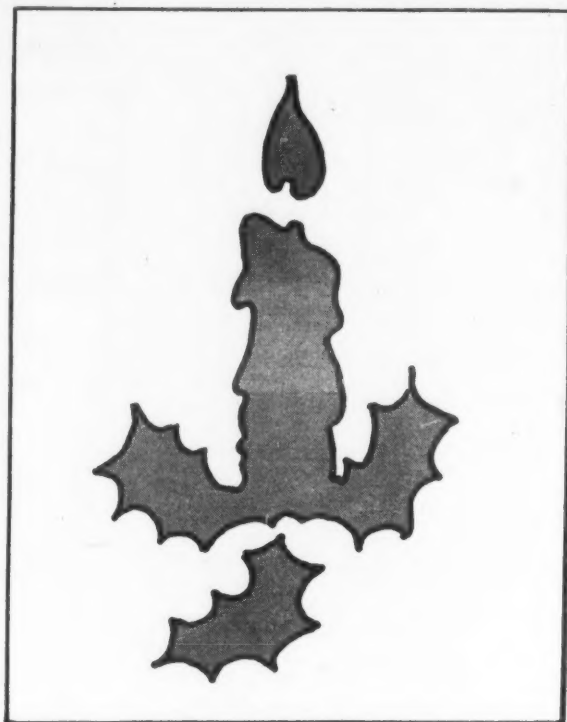




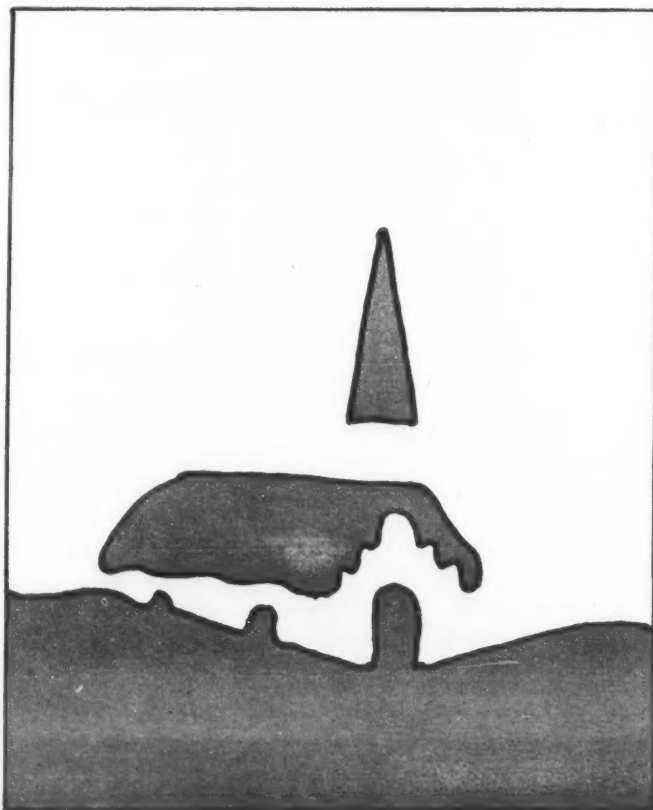
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A SANCTUARY FOR BROTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 57)

to uphold the Constitution of the United States. "I believe as a Senator that the separation of church and state is fundamental to our American concept and heritage and should remain so," Mr. Kennedy wrote in a widely quoted magazine article.

Commenting editorially in the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* on his published statements, I commended Mr. Kennedy for his forthrightness and expressed the opinion that if the Roman Catholic Church would support her faithful son in his principles and beliefs, a new era could dawn for American interfaith relationships. But there was no Catholic endorsement of the senator's position; in fact, the Roman Catholic prelates who spoke at all and the American Catholic press generally criticized it.

Facing the possibility that Senator Kennedy may become the Democratic presidential nominee in 1960, I am naturally reminded of the position I took in reference to Alfred E. Smith's campaign to become President in 1928. I believed Smith's assurances that he would be an American President, beholden to no authority but that of our Constitution. Though my acceptance of his word brought me a great deal of criticism, I was convinced of Al Smith's integrity and sure that I had taken the right position. My opposition to his candidacy was based not upon his religious affiliation but upon his declaration for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and on other aspects of his political philosophy.

Today, though I respectfully read what Senator Kennedy has to say, one thing in his record is unmistakably clear. The Church did claim and exercise authority over him while he was in high public office.

I believe that there have been priests, and now are priests, of the Roman Catholic Church who would not exercise the Church's authority in this manner. But the fact remains that the authority itself is implicit in the Church, and that at least once John Kennedy of Massachusetts submitted, apparently against his own inclinations and better judgment, to its dictates.

I am sorry to say that there has been one other manifestation of Catholic disapproval of the chapel and all it stands for. Up to now it has been impossible to make a motion picture on the theme of the *Dorchester* sinking because the Roman Catholic Church is unwilling to have a priest of the Church shown in prayer with the clergy of the Jewish and Protestant faiths. Surely such a picture would call all races, faiths, and conditions of men to brave deeds and nobler, more unselfish living. Perhaps the difficulty standing in the way of

such a picture will yet be overcome. At least that is my hope.

The spirit of the four chaplains lives on in the shrine that commemorates their heroic deed. That shrine, in a historic metropolis, has inspired thousands of people from all over the world. Our son Clark also has another memorial. Though relatively few people will ever see it because it is far from any city, it is in a spot that Clark himself loved.

As I sat in my London hotel room in the summer of 1943, just after the news of the *Dorchester* sinking had finally come through, my thoughts went back through the years of my son's life. Inevitably, there were many memories of Long House in New Hampshire where so much of Clark's childhood and young manhood had been happily spent. I recalled the two nights that Clark, already a young minister, had spent alone on Wolf Mountain, hoping that God would speak to him there, and of his disappointment and yet his satisfaction in knowing that the Spirit, though silent, was near at hand and ever present.

AS I relived my boy's sojourn on his "Mount of Sacrifice," I remembered, too, the long hours that Lillian and I waited for him to return to us, followed by my reunion with him there on that granite ridge. Ten years later, in the first hours of anguish at the knowledge of our loss, I determined that Wolf Mountain should somehow be made a memorial to the man who had not only loved the spot but had in part found himself there.

And so it came to pass. My friend Col. Edgar ("Red") Black, a West Point classmate of Jimmie Doolittle and builder of great airfields during World War II, became a member of the New Hampshire legislature after his retirement from the Army; it was he who introduced the bill that, by joint action of both houses, renamed the top of Wolf Mountain "Clark Summit."

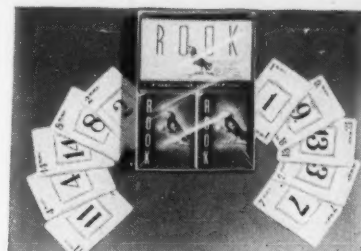
Each summer now, when historic old Long House is filled with children that the *Christian Herald* Association brings there for its summer program, there are hikes up the trail through the woods. Sitting atop the ledge, looking out across the hills and valleys of Deering and the surrounding towns all the way to the White Mountains, the youngsters hear the story of the man for whom the summit is named—the minister who went down with the *Dorchester* that another man might live, the chaplain who joined three others in a spontaneous and epic demonstration that Protestants, Jews, and Catholics are brothers when, in service to their fellow men, they meet their God.

(To be continued)

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Daily Meditations

by HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

Tuesday, December 1

READ LUKE 1:74-79

WITH THE FIRST day of December, we are entering the Advent season. This includes four Sundays before Christmas. Advent commemorates the coming of Christ, the preparation for His coming, and the promise of the Redeemer. The theme ought to be in our minds and hearts. For we need a different approach to Christmas from the turmoil and rush of shopping.

Someone said in tribute to a friend, "He put the stars back into my sky." That is true of the great Friend, God's gift in Christ. In our Scripture reference for today we read, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us." He has, indeed.

O God, we thank Thee for putting the stars into our sky in the bright and morning star of Christ. Amen.

Wednesday, December 2

READ EPHESIANS 5:25-27

LET US THINK today of our need of the church and what it can do for us. Edgar Guest, the writer of verse, wrote a tribute to the church which does not say nearly enough. He wrote, "I needed the church when my father died. I needed it when we were married. I needed it when our babies were taken from us. I shall need it when I come to the end of life."

All true, and that is good as far as it goes. But are those the *only* times when we need the church? On formal occasions and on days of sorrow? We need the church on *all* the days of life, in the beginning when character is being formed. We need the church in the prime of life, to give strength and direction to our lives.

May we keep our hearts and minds open to the strength which the fellowship of Christians may bring into our lives. Amen.

Thursday, December 3

READ LUKE 12:16-20

AN ADVERTISEMENT in many newspapers last year had this reading in large letters, "Be a human adding machine." The advertisement was about a book which promised, "Yes, you can figure arithmetic problems in

seconds, with 100 per cent accuracy, and often without pencil and paper." But many of us will say, "You can never make a mathematical genius out of me!" Some of us have trouble with the multiplication tables above "six times six."

But many people *do* become "human adding machines"! Their theme song is, "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more." The Rich Fool in Jesus' parable was an adding machine. He added to his acres. He added to his barns. But he kept subtracting from his soul!

O God, our Father, may we add to our faith, virtue, and to patience, godliness. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, December 4

READ ROMANS 1:1

IN SOME CHURCHES, the young people's fellowship helps the church financially by doing work of various kinds on certain days. They wash cars, clean windows, cut grass and do other tasks, and give the pay they receive to the church. They call this work, humorously, "slave labor."

It is a very suggestive title. It goes back to the New Testament. For Paul delights to call himself a "servant of Jesus Christ." (Romans 1:1; Philipians 1:1) That word had the meaning that Paul was under the domination of Christ, a "slave" of Christ.

In that high sense, our labor for God should be joyous "slave labor."

Take my life and may it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

Saturday, December 5

READ EXODUS 4:10-14

IN THE BIBLE, Old and New Testaments, there are many passages which stress the need of witnesses to God and His truth. Thus we read, in Psalm 107:2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." But there are some examples in the Bible of men who were reluctant witnesses. When God called Moses to go down into Egypt, and free the Hebrews from the Egyptians, Moses was very reluctant to go. Peter refused to be a witness to Jesus the night of Jesus' arrest. Are we reluctant witnesses for Christ in our own day and surround-

ings? He is on trial in our world. He needs our courageous witness.

Lord, speak to me that I may speak in living echoes of Thy tone. Amen.

Sunday, December 6

READ PSALM 71:1-3

IT IS A COMMON saying in Germany that a person who lives in Berlin says, "The situation is serious but far from hopeless," a person who lives in Vienna will say, "The situation is hopeless but far from serious."

We may smile at that, but the judgment attributed to the Berliner well expresses the Christian faith as it looks out on the world; "the situation is serious but far from hopeless." That is what the Christian may feel in any difficulty. It is essentially what Paul wrote, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

May we keep the faith, O God, that Thou art a strong deliverer, an unfailing refuge. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Monday, December 7

READ GALATIANS 6:2

A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize.—ANNA L. WARING

TWO WOMEN on a bus were busy talking so loudly that all could hear. Rather, one was talking without a stop, and all that the other woman was able to say was, "Imagine that!"

But the words, "Imagine that," may mean far more than an expression of surprise or limp wonder. It can mean and should mean to us a call to make a dedicated use of our imagination. It is a call to imagine sharply the experiences of other people, their burdens, their needs, and their sorrows.

Help us to put ourselves in the place of others, that we may be swift to help in need. In the spirit of Jesus. Amen.

Tuesday, December 8

READ ISAIAH 34:16

ELLEN GLASGOW, the novelist, has given a fine description of what reading at its best may be. She writes, "I am in every sense of that abused word, a reader. And by 'every sense' I mean you to understand that I read, not with the eyes alone, but with the imagina-

tion, the heart, the nerves, the blood stream."

Those words describe well the reading of the Bible, which takes in the large meaning of the revelation of God. When we do that kind of reading, then, truly the entrance of God's Word gives light.

May we read Thy Word, O God, with all our heart and soul and mind. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Wednesday, December 9

READ REVELATION 22:20, 21

THE 6-YEAR-OLD daughter of a minister was looking at the bookcase in his library. She saw a book with the title, "Is There a God?" and asked the question of her father. He replied that most people believed that there is a God. Thinking of school books, she said to her father, "Look in the back of the book. The answer is always in the back of the book!"

That is true of the Bible. Turn to the back of the Book. In the very last verses of the last book in the Bible, Revelation, we read, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." That is the answer to life's great questions, at the back of the Book.

Lord Jesus Christ, come into our hearts. Amen.

Thursday, December 10

READ EPHESIANS 1:22, 23

IN THE BOOK, *The Screwtape Letters*, by C. S. Lewis, there is a memorable word on how we should regard the church. The letters are supposed to be from an experienced devil to an apprentice devil on earth. This apprentice is assigned the task of preventing a man from being a real Christian. The elder devil writes this about the church. "All is not lost if a man joins the church. All is not lost if the man's attention be kept on little annoyances; but don't let him see the church with all her banners flying, for that is a sight at which all hell trembles."

Help us, our Father, to see Thy church glorious, with all its banners flying. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Friday, December 11

READ ROMANS 12:1

A CLASSIC SERMON of many years ago had two points. The first was, "What are we out for?" The second was, "What are we in for?" Those surely are two clear questions. More than that they apply to every life. For it is true that if we are out for anything worthwhile for the betterment of the world, we will be in for plenty—plenty of work, plenty of expenditure of strength of mind and heart, and in

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There is so much on a day like this to strike a hidden, all-but-forgotten chord in a man.

In the hush of Christmas, in the flood of memories that come pouring in, a man receives far more than the pair of warm socks, the suit of heavy underwear, or the shirt that you've carefully wrapped. By your thoughtfulness, you strike a spark of hope and faith within him.

Be sure to include these guests of yours on your Christmas list. Shop early for a warm and serviceable gift — socks, gloves, underwear, or a shirt. And won't you take just a moment now to let us know (a card will do) your gift will be on its way soon?

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for plenty of personal risk. But it is also true, that if we are out to be fellow workers with God we will be in for plenty of His sustaining love and in for the joy of God's fellowship.

Deepen our dedication to Thy purpose of love for mankind, O God. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Saturday, December 12

READ ROMANS 14:5

BISHOP CHARLES GORE of the Church of England several years ago caused an audience to smile quite audibly in the midst of a very serious address. In a deep, sepulchral voice he told an audience how all his life he had been profoundly convinced that—and then he forgot what he had been profoundly convinced about, and had to peer down ignominiously at his notes!

The Christian ought to have profound convictions about God and the true way of life. How about our convictions? Can we speak them without looking them up in a book?

Give us help, O God, in deepening our faith so that out of the fullness of our belief we may speak. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Sunday, December 13

READ MATTHEW 10:39

TODAY, let us meditate on one word—empathy. Its meaning is much like "sympathy," but it is stronger. It means putting yourself completely into the life of another person and calls for a high use of the imagination. It means the imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being. By empathy we experience the feelings of another and are thus deeply moved to help. Walt Whitman said of his visiting wounded soldiers in the Civil War, "I do not give jellies and fruit to wounded soldiers. I become the wounded soldier!"

Help us, O God, to become day by day followers of Jesus Christ, that we may take the burdens of others into our own hearts. Amen.

Monday, December 14

READ COLOSSIANS 3:10, 11

EVERY FEW MONTHS there is published in the newspapers the description of a church for which the claim is made that it is the smallest church in the world. One of the most recent competitions for that title is a church at Upleatham, a little village in North Yorkshire, England. It is a curious little structure, dating back to 840 A.D. and measuring 14 by 17 feet. It seats about fifteen persons.

That ought to be about the record for smallness! Turn, now, from your

thought of a church as a *building*, and think of a church as a Christian fellowship. In that respect the smallest church in the world would be one that shuts out any of God's children. For in Christ all are one, and an exclusive church is not large enough to admit the Spirit of God.

May we have in our thought and conduct of the church, a wideness of love like the wideness of God's mercy. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Tuesday, December 15

READ REVELATION 3:20

A SENTENCE in a little book on Bible study declares, "One of the great needs of the Christian life is leisure for building up ourselves in a recollected consciousness of God." Read that sentence slowly and consider it. Do not shy away from that word "leisure." We live busy lives and have little leisure, if by that is meant hours for meditation. True leisure for the soul to "recollect" God can be found in five minutes in the course of a day. It opens the door of our life to the entrance of His Spirit.

Help us, O God, to remember the promise that if we will open the door, Thou wilt come in. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Wednesday, December 16

READ MATTHEW 6:30-33

*Yea, that is life: Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.*

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

IT WAS RECORDED of Beau Brummell, the famous "dandy" and authority on dress in the England of the eighteenth century, that "it took him four hours to get dressed and he dressed three times a day." No one else has ever turned out so flawlessly.

Three times four hours equals 12 hours. That did not leave any time for anything else. We do not spend so much time on our clothes. But the statistics of Beau Brummell do bring us the question—how do we divide our time? Do we give too much time to trivialities, compared to the really important things? Do we put first things first?

Help us, our Father, to seek first the kingdom of God in all that we think and do. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Thursday, December 17

READ LUKE 1:46-55

OVER THE RADIO and television, and from the newspapers and a thousand advertisements, we will hear the

words, intoned as though they were announcing the day of doom—"Only six more shopping days till Christmas!" Such a warning may cause us all to say, "Let us then be up and doing."

But let us leave the shopping and heed another word, "Only six more thinking days till Christmas!" Only a week to prepare the mind and heart for opening them fully to receive the "unspeakable gift" of Christ. May we not come up to Christmas all tired out but ready to receive the song, "Glory to God in the highest."

Help us, in this week before Christmas, to remember that where meek hearts will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in. In His name. Amen.

Friday, December 18

READ PSALM 90:1-7

A BEAUTIFUL SENTENCE to remember in any time of trial or ill fortune was written by the Scotch preacher and novelist, George MacDonald: "The dark still is God." Those were not light, easy, merely pious words. He was in a long struggle against poverty, ill health, and bitter grief. In the midst of it all he wrote, "My heart withers. Health, my means to live, all things seem rushing straight into the ark. But the dark still is God. Am I not a spark of Him who is the Light?"

Help us never to forget, O God, that Thou art the Light of the World, and in Thy light we may see light. Amen.

Saturday, December 19

READ PHILIPPIANS 2:3-5

ONE of the most exciting scenes in the books we read as children was in the story of Robinson Crusoe, when he discovers a footprint in the sand. Here is what a literary critic writes of it. "So, lo! There appears in the sand that single footprint which is still, after two centuries, more dramatic and thrilling than all the finger prints in the very best mystery stories."

Carry that further into personal life. There are many people who have never, or very rarely, discovered any footprints of other people. It is as though they lived in a private world, with no one else who really had a claim on their concern or strength or help.

May the eyes of our heart be enlightened, O Lord, that we may be quick to see persons in need in our world, and quick to respond to the needs of others. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Sunday, December 20

READ MATTHEW 16:24-26

LET US CONTINUE the thought of yesterday, that of being sensitive to

the presence and needs of other people. It is a fitting thought for these pre-Christmas days. A historian has written of Horace Walpole, an aristocratic figure of the eighteenth century, "He improvises and experiments, to be sure, but inside a cosmos with the dimensions of a bird cage." All his tastes were minor.

A world the size of a bird cage! People can live in such a world. Some do. We can live in a larger world that we catch sight of in the Christmas revelation. That is, a world in which we find opportunities for service in the love of Him who holds the stars in their courses and the whole world in His hand.

Widen our hearts, O God, and widen our world. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Monday, December 21

READ JEREMIAH 15:16

IT WAS RECORDED of Edmund Gibbon, the historian, that when he was in Rome, working on his great work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, that "avoiding society, Gibbon inhabited the past and talked with the dead rather than the living."

By "talking with the dead" was meant the story of those who lived in ancient Rome, many centuries earlier. But there is a better, finer way of "talking with the dead." It is not the effort to communicate with imaginary ghosts, but the communication with the noble dead by means of their words left behind them. We can talk with the dead, in their works, such as the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels. We can talk with Luther, with John Bunyan.

Help us, O God, to quicken our minds with the great words left by Thy great servants. Amen.

Tuesday, December 22

READ HEBREWS 13:8

IN THIS WEEK of Christmas, let us think again of the old legend of the wandering Jew. The story is that on His way to the cross Jesus said to a bystander, "Tarry thou till I come." As a result, the man to whom Jesus is supposed to have said that was compelled to live on earth forever, and to be a member of each generation.

That is all fantasy. But there is a reality in which Jesus is a Wandering Jew. He becomes the contemporary of each new generation. He is no stranger, alien in thought and dress. He meets the needs of each generation, has an inspiration for their tasks and a comfort for their sorrows.

Help us, our Father, so to know the mind and spirit of Christ, that we may bring His Word into each day's living. Amen. (Continued on next page)



when they say:

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I heartily recommend both plans for your consideration and would suggest that you

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Wednesday, December 23

READ MATTHEW 7:21

WE HEAR, sometimes, a song of a few years ago which declares, "The best things in life are free." That is not true. Of course, some good things are free, such as air and water. Though even with them, it is a costly enterprise to provide pure air and pure water in cities.

But the *best* things, the truly best, demand a price for their possession. To have the fellowship of God, as His follower, calls for a price, that of a dedication of life; a high character is not free. It demands the conquering of temptation to live in dissatisfaction. One of the best things in the world, a happy and blessed family life, is not free. It demands self-sacrifice, an outgoing love, an enduring patience.

For all the things which Thou dost give us, O God, we give Thee our thanks and ask that we may pay the price of keeping the best. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Thursday, December 24

READ LUKE 2:4-7

*Thou sinful Soul, how wilt thou feel,
On Christmas Eve when the oxen kneel,
For all thy vows to Christ so dear,
Which thou didst break in this bad year?*

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

TONIGHT is Christmas Eve. Let us read the story of the Inn at Bethlehem, the Inn that had no room for Jesus. Phillips Brooks preached a memorable sermon many years ago in which he raised the wonder about *who* was in the Inn that had no room for Jesus. They were the high and mighty, he supposed, so that there was no room for travelers from Nazareth. May we ask ourselves what are the things in our hearts and lives which crowd out Jesus?

We unbar our hearts to admit Jesus into our lives and to make him Lord of all in our lives. Amen.

Friday, December 25

READ LUKE 1:46-52

YESTERDAY our theme for meditation was the inn that had no room for Jesus. Today, Christmas Day, let us recall another theme about the inn at Bethlehem. Much has been written about, "the inn that missed its chance!" How the innkeeper would have regretted it if he had ever known that he refused a place in his inn to the Lord Jesus Christ, to the Word made flesh.

We have our chance to welcome Jesus into our lives, as the innkeeper of Bethlehem had a chance to open his inn to Jesus. He missed his chance. On this Christmas day, amid all the

joy, may we resolve not to miss our chance to allow Jesus to come in.

O God, our gracious Father, we bring our joyful gratitude to Thee on this happy day, for the unspeakable gift of Christ. In His name. Amen.

Saturday, December 26

READ MATTHEW 2:10-13

THERE ARE two references in the Gospel narratives of the birth of Jesus which deal with the return from Bethlehem to the familiar place. In Matthew we read that "the wise men departed into their country by another way." In Luke we read that "the shepherds returned." Take those words into your imagination. We, too, must return to our familiar life, to our occupations after Christmas. The great day of Jesus' birth ought to make a difference, a tremendous difference, to every day. We, too, may go back into our own country by another way.

Grant, O God, that we may go into our homes and business and daily life by a new way, the way Christ points out to us. Amen.

Sunday, December 27

READ II TIMOTHY 3:16

HENRY THOREAU once wrote a wise word about reading: "A truly good book teaches me better than to read it. I must soon lay it down and commence living on its hint. . . . What I began by reading I must finish by acting."

How well that fits our reading of the Bible. We must soon lay the Book down, and we ought to "commence living on its hint."

Grant, O God, that what we read in Thy revelation of Thyself we may finish by acting. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Monday, December 28

READ MATTHEW 20:29-34

Open my ears to music. Let me thrill To spring's first flutes and drums. But never let me dare forget The bitter ballads of the slums.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HOW WELL do we hear what has so beautifully been called "the still, sad music of humanity." Some people go through life and rarely hear a single plaintive note of it. God pity us if we do that. For then we are just like scrambling children on our way to a picnic, with ears attuned only to what means pleasure to them. It is so easy to become deaf to the need of others. We can shut out entirely from our attention and interest the sound of pain and need and sin.

May we be quick to hear the still, small voice of God and the still, sad

CHRISTIAN HERALD

music of humanity. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Tuesday, December 29

READ MATTHEW 7:7, 8

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP Temple has put into one great sentence four of the great experiences of worship. Applying both to private and public worship, these words will help us to get the most out of it. Bishop Temple wrote: "To worship is to quicken the conscience by the holiness of God, to purge the imagination by the beauty of God, to open the heart to the love of God, to devote the will to the purpose of God."

All these, for the asking, for the deep sincere asking in prayer!

Grant, O God, that in worship we may receive, and seeking, we may find Thee. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Wednesday, December 30

READ ACTS 16:10

THERE WERE several trading companies in England, dating back to the days of Elizabeth I and James I, which bore a striking name. They were called "Merchants Adventurers," and made adventures overseas for commercial purposes—fishing and spice trade with the East and many other purposes. The company which backed the Pilgrims to America in 1620 was a company of "adventurers."

What a grand name for the church, "Merchants Adventurers!" The church should be a company of "adventurers," seizing opportunities to carry the Gospel into new places.

God forbid that we be more interested in security for ourselves and our church than we are in adventure for Christ. In His name. Amen.

Thursday, December 31

READ EPHESIANS 4:24; EZEKIEL 18:31

To do it no more is the truest repentance—MARTIN LUTHER.

THE PERFECT POEM to bring to mind on this last day of the year, of course, is Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells," with its line, "The year is dying in the night." Think today of some of the new things of the new year mentioned in that poem, goals to set before us in the year to follow this night. Tennyson writes, "Ring in the love of truth and right," "Ring in the common love of good," "Ring in the valiant man and free, the larger heart, the kindlier hand, ring in the Christ that is to be."

These are great goals. May we make them ours for the year that will begin at midnight. We will need God's help.

In our lives, O God, may we ring in the Christ that is to be. Amen.

DECEMBER 1959



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In cold Korea this scene is taking place day after day. Food centers like these are really "existence" centers. Here each family presents its "card" to receive a meager supply of rice or soup.

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By Amos John Traver

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● December 6

How to Help New Converts

ACTS 9:10-20, 26-29; EPHESIANS 4:32

Ananias means literally God is gracious. For two men in the New Testament this name seems ill suited. The one was a former high priest who played an ignoble role at the trial of Jesus. The other, with his wife, tried to deceive the apostles about his generosity. The third by this name well deserved it. He was sensitive enough to the leading of the Spirit to receive and obey the command to go and meet the persecutor of the church and introduce him to the brethren. Every human argument could be used to prevent his obedience. He could have rationalized that he had misunderstood the message of the Spirit. He not only did obey, but acted with true grace, greeting Paul as "Brother." He made the venture of faith and sponsored the new convert with his brethren.

God is gracious and God's men must be gracious, too. Later another man of grace, Barnabas, became Paul's sponsor to the Jerusalem church.

Who can measure the power of forgiving love in the life of Paul? It was a critical hour. Blinded and confused, he had been converted, turned completely about, changed from zealous persecutor to ardent believer in Christ. How much he needed human sympathy and understanding! He had every right to expect fear and suspicion from all Christians. What it meant to him to hear that word "Brother"!

No one can be of help to new converts without loving and trusting them. No matter how deeply they have fallen into the life of sin the power of Christ can reform them, make them over into new men. If we really believe this, we will take the newly converted into our hearts and throw the influence of Christian fellowship around them. Too often the church has been so zealous to secure conversions that it has done nothing to conserve the converted. Does your church make new members really welcome with continued graceful concern and interest in them?

● December 13

No Partiality with God

ACTS 11:1-18; 10:34, 35

Luke felt that Peter's experience with Cornelius was so important that he wrote down the story twice, first when it happened and later when Peter was defending his baptism of a Gentile before the church. Luke was right. While it would require the influence of Paul to settle the question finally, the first real step toward the world mission of the church was taken when Peter received Cornelius and his family into the Christian fellowship without compelling them to become Jewish proselytes by the rite of circumcision.

It required a special revelation from God in a vision to convince Peter that there was no partiality with God. To Peter, born and brought up with Jewish prejudices, it was a horrible thought that he should eat the meat of swine and other unclean animals. It was almost as unthinkable for him to join in worship with a Gentile. Good man that Cornelius was, he was not allowed to enter the inner sanctuary of the synagogue. But after the vision Peter was rocklike in his faith in the leading of the Holy Spirit. Tradition, prejudices dare not restrict the boundaries of the Kingdom of Christ.

Racism is still divisive. It is backed by similar traditions and prejudices. The temptation is still with us to allow traditional restrictions to hem in the grace of God. Because God did choose Israel, blessed and preserved the race of Abraham, racial pride grew until all non-Jews were despised. Their God became a tribal God, the special protector of a special race.

How long will it be until we can act on the belief that there is no partiality with God? Most of us are Gentiles, our forefathers converted by missionaries who followed in the steps of Paul and Peter. Jesus was an Oriental. Yet it does no violence to His mission when artists of every country paint Him with the features of their race. I like Dr. Moffatt's translation of "no partiality."—"God has no favorites."

● December 20

Good News for the World

LUKE 2:8-14; ACTS 11:19-26

The most startling headline and the most important to all the world—Christ Is Born! This was not back page news. Yet the birth of the Son of Mary passed unnoticed by the good people of Bethlehem. There were more important visitors to be entertained in the Bethlehem inn. The attention of the world was upon emperors, nobles, men and women of wealth and position. At least to the Jews, plenty of advance notice had been given in their Scriptures. They had been conditioned for the coming of the Messiah and, if they had read with spiritual discernment, might have expected Him to come as a suffering servant, rather than as a militant and victorious king.

Has the world progressed since Bethlehem missed her greatest news-break? Is popular attention still diverted from the most important news by headlines of wars and war rumors, of crime waves, scientific achievement, growing prosperity and all the concerns to which men are giving their lives? Do Christians really believe that the birth of Christ offers the world its one and only hope of a solution to its problems?

God, looking down upon His creation and seeing the fruits of human sin, "became flesh and dwelt among us." What man could not do, He did, living and dying and rising again, conquering sin once and for all, and offering forgiveness and power to live His way of life to everyone who has the faith to accept Him. Is there any other news so good?

"I don't believe in missions. If we look after our own church and our own community, that is all we can be expected to do. We have all we can do to look after our own." Did a Christian every say that? Well, if anybody believes this, there is no place in his life for Christmas. On Christmas we celebrate the birth of Missionary Jesus. His mission was to a foreign land and to a people that did not want Him. But He came and won a handful of converts before He died. The good news He brought was dynamic, explosive! In spite of traditions of exclusiveness in religion, His converts accepted the breadth of His mission. They did not seek places favorable to evangelize. There was Antioch, third largest city in the Roman empire, heathen to the core, practicing all the vices the fallen mind of man could invent. Scattered by persecution, Christians went every-

where proclaiming the good news to anybody who would listen. To wicked Antioch some of these lay men and women went, and converts were won. Antioch is forgotten today except by the followers of Jesus who remember that in Antioch believers were first called Christians. They might well have wired the apostles, "Mission achieved!" Their mission is our mission, the mission that made Christmas necessary. Dare we narrow the mission of our Saviour? Dare we pray and give and work for less than His missionary objective which is all the world?

● December 27

God Is Our Help

ACTS 12:1-12; 1 PETER 5:7

How often the future of Christianity has seemed to be lost in persecution! Powerful rulers have sought to stamp it out by imprisonment and death. Herod Agrippa I is typical of the failure of tyrants to defeat Christ, from his day to the day of Lenin and Stalin.

The Herod family was only partly Jewish. There was a strain of Edomite blood. The Herods bore the title of king only by the favoritism of Roman emperors. The untrammelled ambitions and beastly lusts of the Herods leave

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only disgust at their memory. Herod the Great, grandfather of Herod Agrippa I, slew the babies of Bethlehem. His uncle, Herod Antipas, stole his brother's wife and beheaded John the Baptist. His son, Herod Agrippa II, heard Paul's defense of his faith. Herod Agrippa I had been brought up in Rome and had accepted the typical Roman technique of using the religion of conquered peoples to win their support. To placate the Jews, he followed Pilate's time-serving pattern and executed James, the brother of John. This James must not be confused with James, the brother of Jesus, who became head of the Jerusalem church.

Peter, a natural born leader, was also imprisoned but made a miraculous escape. The brutal murder of the 16 soldiers guarding Peter followed. Retribution was sure and swift. Accepting popular adoration as a god, proud Agrippa died of a loathsome disease. It is a mystery of Providence that Herods and Neros and Khrushchevs are permitted power to persecute Christians. It is the lesson of history that God not only helps believers to endure but in His good time, and in His own way,

He metes out justice on persecutors.

Prayer unlocked the prison doors for Peter and made possible his continued leadership in the church. Prayer does not always work so swiftly or satisfactorily. There is a great deal of attention given to prayer today. Much of the popular faith expressed in prayer is misplaced; it seems to be faith in prayer rather than faith in God. Prayer is sometimes degraded into a means for getting what you want. The power of true prayer is the harmony it establishes with God.

God does desire to hear our wants expressed. We have many evidences of the granting of our petitions, but no prayer dare demand anything of God. It must be in the spirit of the prayers of Jesus, completely trustful of the wisdom and love of our heavenly Father. A child comes into right relationship with his parents when he confides in them, tells them the desires of his heart, and then so fully trusts them that even the refusal of his petitions will not shake his faith. For Peter, and for countless Christians since his day, prison doors have opened because of the intercessions of the church.

WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

(Continued from page 30)

lected December 25 as the time to observe the birth of Jesus, but not with any idea that it was the precise anniversary. As a matter of fact, several other dates had been used in the first and second centuries for the observance of the Nativity.

Shepherds could watch their flocks by night in the open fields as described by Luke at any time in the spring, summer or autumn, but the sheep needed especially to be guarded by the shepherds at night in the spring season when lambs were born. It is most probable, therefore, that Jesus was born in the spring of the year 6 B.C. This agrees satisfactorily with the statement in Luke 3:23 that Jesus was about 30 at the beginning of His ministry, this date being now well established as A.D. 27. Since only one year elapsed from 1 B.C. to A.D. 1 in our modern reckoning, His age would then be 32. A free translation of the original Greek text could correctly be "in his early thirties."

A series of remarkable astronomical phenomena occurred in the latter part of the year 7 B.C. and the early weeks of 6 B.C. The brilliant planet Jupiter revolves around the sun in about 11 years and ten months, passing, as we view it, among the stars of the constellations of the Zodiac. The planet Saturn does the same in a period of about 29 years and six months. Their paths are close together in the sky. Once in slightly less than 20 years Jupiter over-

takes and passes Saturn as both planets move eastward among the stars. This real motion of the two planets is modified, as we see it, by the earth's own motion in its orbit. Because of this it is possible for Jupiter to pass Saturn, as we see these planets moving eastward among the stars; then for Jupiter to turn, as we see it, and move westward (Saturn doing the same but at a slower rate) and for Jupiter thus to pass Saturn for a second time; then for both planets to turn back into their normal eastward motion and, as seen from the earth, for Jupiter to pass Saturn for the third time—all within a few weeks.

Because this would happen once in somewhat more than a century, its mystic significance to the Magi would be profound. Adding greatly to the phenomenon was an approach by the bright planet Mars to the part of the sky where Jupiter and Saturn were. At the time of the third conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, the three planets formed a close triangle, only about two degrees in dimension.

This, following a three-fold conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, would occur on the average about once in 800 years.

Such a rare event could very well have inspired the planet-studying Magi to undertake their journey which was directed to Jerusalem, where they, who were probably well acquainted with the Messianic hope of the Jews, believed they could receive information of the birth of the King of the Jews.

Why, then, is there no mention of this amazing phenomenon in any ancient literature? Why did it attract the attention of nobody except the Magi? Why is it that King Herod, the learned scribes, and the chief priests knew nothing of it until the Magi told them?

The answer is that at the time the planets were gathering together (as seen from the earth) the earth's orbital motion was placing them more and more in the direction of the sun, so that they would be getting lower and lower on the western horizon at sunset, and would be visible only faintly in the evening twilight and therefore would be hard to observe. However, the Magi had doubtless been studying these motions for many months when the planets had been more favorably situated, and while they did not understand the physical causes of these planetary motions, they could foresee the configuration which the three planets would be making as they became lost in the evening twilight. The fact that the sun in its apparent annual motion through the constellations of the Zodiac would soon join the three closely grouped planets would have additional significance to the Magi, even though this very proximity of the sun would render observation of the three planets impossible at the time of their closest grouping.

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy," says Matthew (2:10). This was after the Magi had left Jerusalem to go to Bethlehem. The star did not lead them from Jerusalem to Bethlehem as many people have supposed from the wording of the ninth verse: Herod sent them there. The three planets, not visible for about six weeks after they had faded out in

east, plus the time which they spent in Jerusalem.

According to the ninth verse the star stood over where the young child was. Some have seen difficulties in this verse, but the explanation is simple. Travel by night was common. The Magi must have approached Bethlehem from the northwest. As the three planets rose, in the morning twilight, in the southeast, their location near the horizon would indeed appear to the Magi to be over the place where Jesus lay. This appearance would not continue as the village of Bethlehem was entered, but by that time the sun would have risen and the stars and planets would have disappeared in the light.

THE Magi were not Jews, nor were they kings as later represented in legend. The Greek word *Magos* was most commonly applied to the Zoroastrian priests of Persia who were students of the stars. They doubtless had been much influenced by Jewish thought and Jewish philosophy, and had accepted the idea of a coming Messiah, though to them it probably meant a military, not a spiritual leader. They were accustomed to being received at the courts of kings, and on reaching Jerusalem it was natural that these Magi should go directly to the court of King Herod.

While the Magi appear at this one place in the New Testament, it is not the only place in the Bible where Magi are mentioned. The "wise men of Babylon" mentioned in II Daniel 2:48 were Magi, and the fact that Daniel was assigned their rulership by the Babylonian king shows both their status as court functionaries and their contact with Jewish religious thought.

One apparent difficulty remains to be considered. According to the Gospel of Matthew, the Magi said to King Herod, "We have seen his star in the east." While the word "star" would include such a phenomenon as the close grouping of the three planets, the appearance would be low on the western horizon, not in the eastern sky.

This is easily explained as merely a matter of translation. The original Greek can just as correctly be rendered, "We, in the east, have seen his star." It is very probable that the Magi would proclaim themselves to King Herod as having their homes in the East as it showed their independence of the hated Roman overlords under whose domination King Herod exercised his much-curtailed royal authority.

What of the other astronomical explanations of the star of Bethlehem? The only one that has found much favor is that it was a comet whose tail was at such an angle, as seen by the Magi, as to point in the general direc-



the western evening twilight, would now appear before sunrise, low on the southeastern horizon. Being faint in the morning twilight they would not attract general attention, but the Magi were expecting their reappearance, though they could not foretell the exact date. When this reappearance came just as the Magi were approaching their destination, it was indeed natural that they would rejoice. The time interval fits in well with the time needed for their journey from their homes in the

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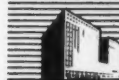


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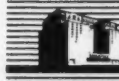
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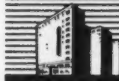
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tion of Jerusalem. Such as orientation would be possible but it would not last throughout the night, much less throughout the season of visibility. There is no mention of any comet at the time in any contemporary literature.

The well-known Halley's Comet did indeed appear in the year 11 B.C. but that was much too early to serve as the Star of Bethlehem, and when it did appear it is fairly certain that Herod and the scribes and chief priests must have seen it, too. Herod would not need to inquire diligently of the Wise Men at what time it appeared. The same would be true of any now-unknown comet which might have appeared at the time. Furthermore, comets were regarded as signs of doom, foretelling of the death, not the birth, of great kings. It is extremely improb-

able that the Magi would have "rejoiced with exceeding joy" at the appearance of a comet or would have linked it with the birth of a Messiah.

As for meteors, novas and supernovas, it is sufficient to say that if conspicuous enough to have impelled the journey of the Magi, they would have been seen by millions of people in the Roman Empire and mention of them would surely have come down to us.

MOST important is the fact that the three-fold conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, and close approach thereto of Mars, unquestionably did happen. Modern astronomers can calculate the positions of the planets at any moment in history with extreme accuracy.

This could have been the Christmas star, foreordained since God's hand flung the planets into space. **THE END**

GOD WITH US

(Continued from page 32)

is ignored, denied and rejected by contemporary groups who identify themselves with Christianity.

And what about ourselves? Do we not sometimes find ourselves mixed up and confused as to what and who we believe in? Are we truly aware of what we are really celebrating at Christmas? Our neglect of the doctrine of Christ's deity, our indifference about it and our confusion about it have seriously weakened our worship and our witness, for too often we, like the pagans of Athens and the pagans of the Middle Ages, find ourselves worshipping either an unknown God or a God created out of our own fetishes, fancy and imagination.

The heart of the Reformation was the rediscovery of the historical Christ as the one Eternal God. The reformers, convinced of the primacy of the authority of the Scriptures, proclaimed the divinity, Lordship and Saviourhood of Christ in the words of Paul: "He is the express image of the invisible God," "Head of the body, the Church," and "Lord of all"; "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself"; "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

What does it mean to us to celebrate the Advent of such a One? What are we celebrating at this Christmas season? We have crowded Christ out of Christmas, but not nearly so much as we have crowded the divine out of Christ, that unique supernatural quality that sets Him apart.

Deep down this is what so many of us today are really seeking, like the Wise Men of old. We, like the Wise Men, are looking for divinity in terms of humanity, for One who is at the same time true God and true Man, a God-Man who is beyond and above us in nature, yet truly with us in all of this

heavenly glory. Such a One is with us in Christ.

God with us! These words affirm that God is with us now in Christ as unmistakably as He was with mankind on that first Christmas, and that the miracle that happened in Bethlehem can happen in our midst—to us. God can also enter our lives and make us His "new creation." God does not despise humanity, but by the activity of His Holy Spirit can make humanity sharers in His divinity.

The great Irenaeus, more than 150 years after the birth of Christ, wrote: "He became as we are that we might become as He is."

That we might become as He is! That—in the words of Paul, "Christ be formed in us" or born in us—is the great second phase of the Christmas miracle. And the hope of the world today—the only real hope—is based on this miracle's happening to individual after individual.

The remedy for this world's ills cannot be produced from within human society, which is sinful and corrupt. It came from God, from heaven, in the birth of the Holy Child of Bethlehem, One possessed of a power greater than all other powers, One able to save "to the uttermost," One able to destroy all the enemies of the soul and give us "beauty for ashes," One able and willing to do what we can never hope to do of ourselves and for ourselves. "Unto you is born a Saviour!"

On that first Christmas morn God came to be forever "with us" in the person of Jesus Christ. He came to give Himself.

What a wonderful Christmas gift, the gift of Himself!

With thankful hearts let us receive this greatest of all gifts. **THE END**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE HOLLY PLATE

(Continued from page 24)

His eyes, without their familiar twinkle, looked tired and old. She thought, I wonder if he'll ever smile again?

"Barbie's young, Dad," she cried, surprised at her sudden understanding. "She's trying to run away from Christmas because she knows how different it will be from all the other ones we've had."

He was quiet a moment, considering her words. Then, decisively, he reached for her hand. "Barbie's coming home," he said. "I'm going to send her a telegram tonight. And, Susan, I want you to help Annie make Christmas just like it's always been—as nearly as you can." He paused. "Will you do that for me?"

"Of course, Dad. I'll do my best," she promised. "I'll come over tomorrow to make plans with Annie."

At the door as he was leaving, her father spoke again, hesitantly, "Susan, I've been wondering—of course, you'll want to talk it over with Bill—but would you consider coming back home to live? Tommy's at a difficult age; he needs someone. We both do. No, don't answer me now—think about it. See what Bill says."

Even before she asked him she knew what Bill would say. The garage apartment was the first real home he'd ever had and he was almost fanatically proud of it. The small apartment represented a security and sense of belonging he'd always yearned for, and when Susan told him at breakfast next morning of her father's suggestion, he stared at her incredulously.

"Leave here? You mean move out of our apartment?" he asked.

"I didn't promise anything, darling," Susan assured him. "I told him we'd talk it over."

"Annie's there, isn't she? Can't she manage things?" There was a stubbornness in his voice Susan had never heard before.

"Of course Annie's there, She'll probably be there until the day she dies. And she'd do anything for Dad and Tommy. That's one of the troubles. She spoils Tommy—always has."

"A good military school's the place for him, then," Bill stated flatly. He looked at the clock. "I've got to run, Susan. We'll talk some more about this later." He kissed her hurriedly and was gone.

But, though the subject was like a living presence in the small rooms with them, it hadn't been mentioned again. Bill was busier than usual with the flood of Christmas advertising. The small radio station in which he had invested all his savings was beginning to prosper. He worked much too hard, Susan knew. And because he was often tense and nervous at the end of the day she

tried to keep the apartment a quiet refuge for him. So she had not wanted to be the one to reopen the discussion of the suggested move back to the Hamilton house.

Now, as she looked around the big cheerful kitchen, Susan felt herself torn between two loves—this home and family which she had known so long and dearly and her tall serious young husband whom she loved so protectively but sometimes felt she didn't know at all. It was a choice she couldn't make, a decision she couldn't force—not now.

Bill, in one of Annie's big aprons, was flourishing the carving knife. "Now I'll show you how a turkey is carved in my old home town of Priestly, Vermont," he announced in his best radio diction.

"Is that where you learned to carve, Bill? I've always wondered," Susan commented. "But that's where you went to boarding school, isn't it?"

"The same, my girl, the same. In fact, Priestly, Vermont, consists of the Jonathan Hampton School for Boys on one side of the road and the Green Mountain Inn on the other side. It was the innkeeper who was my instructor."

"You've never told me about that, Bill," Susan put the last olive on the relish dish and picked up a dish towel.

"I've never told anyone, Susan."

"Tell me?" she asked gently.

HE smiled the rare smile that lighted his thin face and made his deep set eyes shine. "It happened the Christmas I was fourteen," he began. "Just Tommy's age. I was supposed to go to my Cousin Alec's home in Hartford for the holidays, but at the last minute I got a telegram saying their children had measles and I shouldn't come. I couldn't stand the idea of staying at school during vacation so I didn't tell anyone about the message. I packed my bags and lugged them over to the inn as if I were catching the bus."

"But then, what?" asked Susan thinking of the lonely little boy with no one to share his Christmas.

"Then I produced all the money I'd been saving from my allowance and the check my great uncle had sent me for Christmas and engaged a room at the inn! The innkeeper—his name was Mr. Gilley and he was a little round pudding of a man—anyway, he looked at the little pile of cash I'd plunked down before him and said there was a small room next the kitchen I could have if I 'found it suitable.' My 'resources' would take care of food and lodging for about two weeks, he said, seeing as how it was the slack season."

"He must have been psychic," exclaimed Susan. (Cont'd next page)

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"No, he was the telegrapher who had taken Alec's message," Bill explained. "Anyhow, I found the little room next the kitchen warm and bright and completely 'suitable,' and I had the best Christmas I had ever known."

"Was there a Mrs. Gilley?"

"There was indeed; a tall, thin New England woman with a sharp tongue and a soft heart." Bill laid down the carving tools and reached for the towel in Susan's hands. "There was a blizzard that night and we were snowbound the rest of the week, just the three of us. It was wonderful!"

"And Mr. Gilley taught you how to carve?" Susan prompted.

"He did. I learned on the Gilleys' turkey!"

"But what did you do—how did you spend those two weeks?" Susan wanted to know.

"We did what any family would do, I suppose. You see, Susan, I had never been part of a family before. That's why every day seemed like a grand adventure. I felt safe and secure. It was a good feeling."

"Bless the Gilleys', wherever they are," Susan said softly, looking deep into Bill's eyes.

That's why he loves our little apartment so much, she thought, as she helped Annie carry the food in to the long sideboard. It reminds him of that Christmas with the Gilleys, shut in against a lonely world. Secure. I must never let Bill down, she told herself. My first loyalty is to him.

When she had set the round table Susan had left the place opposite her father's empty but with the other plates spaced evenly so that the gap was not too noticeable. Someday, perhaps, she would be able to sit in her mother's place when the family gathered, but not today, not yet. Tommy sat between Susan and his father with Barbie on Mr. Hamilton's other side and Bill at Barbie's left. Glancing at their faces as they bowed their heads for the blessing Susan thought, they're all conscious of the vacant spot between Bill and me.

The smell of the hot food as Annie passed the serving dishes gave Susan a feeling of queasiness. She was in the sixth month of her pregnancy and the spells of nausea had ceased weeks ago, but she realized that emotional strain was beginning to tell on her.

"**TOMMY,**" she asked, hoping to get a casual, uncomplicated conversation under way, "are you going to try out new ice skates this afternoon? There was quite a crowd over on the lake yesterday as I went home. The ice looked good."

Tommy downed a large forkful of turkey before answering. How can he eat so much, Susan wondered, looking

at his heaped plate. It's because he's growing so fast, she thought, noting the shirt sleeves a full two inches short of his bony wrists. I'll have to check over his clothes and maybe take him shopping for new ones, if he'll let me. I wish Bill would take him, she thought. Maybe he'd feel more sympathy for Tommy if he knew him better.

"I don't know, Sis," sometimes his voice came out in a tenor but now it was deep, like a man's. "I'm not much of an outdoors guy any more. I think I'll see what's going on down at the Town Grill this afternoon." He helped himself to more turkey and dressing from the big platter.

"You're doing entirely too much loafing at the Town Grill," Mr. Hamilton said disapprovingly. "Besides," there was hurt in his voice, "I thought you'd like the skates."

"They're okay, Dad, but I'm not a kid any more." His voice was truculent.

Bill was looking at Tommy critically. "You're not exactly a man, Tommy," he said, "until you start acting like one. At least, that is what I was taught in my youth."

"Well, you're not *my* teacher," Tommy answered sullenly.

"Tommy, that's enough!" Mr. Hamilton ordered.

"I imagine you'd make a very nice teacher," Barbie said coily, looking at Bill out of the corners of her long-lashed eyes. Barbie was small and



blonde, her bright hair curling like a child's around her elfin face and her mouth, too brightly painted, parted in a smile showing her small white teeth. "I wish you'd join the faculty of Central State—I'd take all your classes!"

Why, she's flirting with Bill, Susan thought, shocked. "How is school this year, Barbie?" she asked, trying for a less personal and embarrassing conversation. "Is it fun being a full-fledged Gamma and giving orders to the pledges rather than taking them, as you did last year?"

"I'm enjoying it," said Barbie smugly. "One pledge is a whiz typist. She's done all my themes."

"That wouldn't be Marge, would it?"

"Marge? Marge who?" asked Barbie.

"Marge Russell, of course. How many best friends named Marge do you have?"

"Oh. Her." Barbie shrugged disdainfully. "We didn't pledge Marge."

"You didn't pledge her?" Susan heard the disbelief in her own voice.

"Please, Susan, Marge just wouldn't

fit in with our crowd, that's all." Barbie made a vague gesture with her small white hands. "She just doesn't belong."

Susan felt the anger like a hot tide in her throat and clenched her teeth to keep back the words of scorn rising to her lips. Marge Russell who lived next door had been Barbie's friend for years. A year younger than Barbie, plump and good-natured, Marge had always been an agreeable and undemanding companion to impulsive Barbie who often took the younger girl's devotion and loyalty for granted. The Russells had lived frugally, saving for Marge's education, planning and budgeting so that their only child could enjoy the same advantages as the other girls at Central State. And now Barbie dismissed all concern for Marge with a flick of her hand!

It was Mr. Hamilton who spoke, his voice as cold and accusing as if he were addressing a criminal in his court. "Barbara, you sound like a snob!"

"Well, maybe I am a snob, Dad," Barbie retorted hotly, "but I'm smart enough to know that there are social distinctions. And Marge Russell doesn't belong in the Gamma sorority!"

There was a moment of silence. Even Tommy felt the tension in the air and looked up from his nearly empty plate. Then Mr. Hamilton said tiredly, "I guess you're right, Barbara. Marge doesn't belong with the Gammas. Not if they're all as narrow-minded as you."

Susan excused herself and hurried to the kitchen to escape any further exchange of words between her father and sister. "Annie, you can bring the things out," she said, "while I cut the cake."

"Nobody ate much," grumbled Annie. "All that good food and everybody just picked!"

"Tommy didn't pick!"

"Tommy *stuffs* for the same reason other folks *pick*," said Annie wisely, starting toward the dining room with her tray.

Susan went into the big pantry and closed the door tightly, leaning heavily against it while she gave way to the tears she'd held back so long. She had failed, completely and miserably, to make of this Christmas even a reasonably pleasant holiday! Despite Dad's wishes the family was falling apart, snapping and snarling at one another. Mother was like the mortar that held the bricks of this house together—without her the bricks shifted and the family structure toppled. How foolish she'd been, Susan thought sadly, to think that by moving back into this house and taking over its management she could ever, in any way, replace Mother.

From a deep shelf Susan lifted the large tin containing the pecan cake and set it carefully on the counter. Gently she removed the cake from the con-

tainer and folded back the moist, fragrant cloth which swaddled it. Mother had baked the cake, according to long established habit, the week before Thanksgiving and stored it in the cool of the pantry to ripen. As she cut the slices thin Susan remembered her childhood and the excitement of helping Mother make the Christmas cake—the shelling of nuts, the chopping of fruit, the fun of dusting flour over the sticky mass, and the heavenly smell drifting through every inch of the old house so that, even after she had gone to bed at night, the spicy odor perfumed her dreams. Barbie had helped, too, sometimes, but never for long; even the most pleasant chores soon lost their charm for Barbie and she'd be off to the Russell's cottage next door to play dress-up with Marge.

The holly plate was filled now save for one small space. Another chain of memories started around in Susan's mind as she lifted the lid of the flower-painted cake box and took out a darkly-rich devil's food. For Tommy had broken with tradition—or, rather, a new tradition had been established for Tommy. The Christmas cake with its nuts and fruit had no appeal for him. He was a chocolate guy, every month of the year! Susan smiled as she cut a wedge of the cake and fitted it into its place on the holly plate. How the family had teased Mother, accusing her of spoiling Tommy, but she had always answered, unruffled, "Christmas is a time for *everybody* to be happy."

The group around the dinner table was quiet when Susan returned to the room. When she set the plate on the table Tommy exclaimed, "Hey, Sis, I didn't know you could make chocolate cake!"

"Didn't you?" said Susan. And then she spoke the name they had been avoiding all during the meal, "Mother taught me how."

"Yeh," Tommy's voice was a little boy's now, fervent and wistful, "she made the *best*!"

There was a moment of silence so deep that the calm ticking of the grandfather clock on the landing above the hall filled the house with its sound. Then Mr. Hamilton touched the holly plate with gentle fingers and said quietly, "I remember the first Christmas we were married. Your grandmother had died a few months before, leaving us this house and all this fine old furniture, but no money. I had just hung out my shingle and was still waiting for my first case. When Christmas came we had to decide between a fancy dinner with chicken and oysters or the pecan cake. We couldn't afford both. I don't have to tell you which one your mother chose."

He took one of the thin slices and
(Continued on page 75)

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Paul Muni gives a gripping performance as the dedicated doctor whose life influences tense TV producer David Wayne in *THE LAST ANGRY MAN*.



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motion picture reviews

★ *On the Beach* (Kramer, U.A.)

PERHAPS it is a compliment to American movie-goers that producers are making some motion pictures which cause us to think. It is hard to imagine anyone's seeing this striking drama based on Nevil Shute's book without seriously wondering, "What would I do if there were only a few weeks or months left for anyone to live?"

This is not science fiction. This is fact, what could happen, and probably will, if we have a nuclear war.

The time is 1964; the place Australia. A brief war that nobody seems to know who started, has destroyed life in the northern hemisphere. The radioactive contamination is creeping relentlessly toward the southern hemisphere. Escape is found in alcohol (it seems everybody drinks), or in pretending that life will go on, after all. People go fishing, make love, sail, race cars with an intensity born of desperation. Especially poignant is the love of a young couple for each other and their baby, contrasted with the loneliness of a scientist who wishes he had someone to worry about.

The fact that religion would undoubtedly play a prominent part at such a crisis time in human existence is

overlooked or disregarded, except for an inadequate presentation of a Salvation Army street meeting under an unlikely overhead banner reading, "There Is Still Time, Brother." Religion has no place in the conversation of the sophisticates who dominate the film. This is incredible, under the circumstances. There is only a sort of courage and mechanical discipline, with a certain gratefulness for the good that life has brought and a certain sorrow for opportunities lost. In the end, when Melbourne is an empty and desolate city with all the people dead (as San Francisco had been seen to be from a reconnoitering submarine), the ironical banner still hangs, reminding the viewers of the film, at least, that there is "still time."

There are no horror scenes in the traditional bloody-body sense. However, the dull resignation of the populace resignedly shuffling by a health station to pick up their allotment of suicide pills, offers its own kind of shock. The film is an intelligent emotional experience, one you will not soon forget. Suitable for adults and mature young people (who will perhaps come out more mature than they went in).

★ *The Last Angry Man* (Kohlmar, Columbia)

WHETHER we have known one, we all have kindly feelings toward the "old family doctor." This inspiring drama is a masterly delineation of the character of a general practitioner who stayed on when his Brooklyn neighborhood became a slum. The doctor is quite emotionally involved with his indigent patients and his "anger" is not toward them (he will get up at night to answer a sick call) but toward the stupid and soft and ineffective things people do. He wants people to stand on their own feet, not to blame their

misfortunes and mistakes on others.

The physician's story is told in the frame of the preparation for a TV show based on his life. The high pressure life of the TV producer is shown in contrast and he is helped to regain a sense of human values through his contacts with the doctor. The sad ending is in character without the sentimentality which might have made this a "tear jerker." Very effective camera work, smooth direction and a well-written script which keeps the spirit of Gerald Green's novel add to the distinction of this picture for adults and young people.

The Mouse that Roared (Highroad, Columbia)

WELL-aimed satire at international politics, with a play on the gullibility of the big nations and the power of the smallest. The amusing story may be a giddy fantasy holding many chuckles but, under the surface, are some recognizable hard facts and common sense.

A very small, bankrupt nation decides to declare war on the U. S. and to be defeated since defeat insures prosperity, with American money sure to flow in to restore its former solvency. Occasionally acid dialogue, excellent color. Family fare.

Suitability Ratings by PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

FOR ADULTS AND MATURE
YOUNG PEOPLE

Battle of the Coral Sea (Columbia) Well-told story of sea warfare aboard a submarine.

The Crimson Kimono (Columbia) Murder mystery with side consideration of interracial marriage.

The Wonderful Country (D.R.M.—UA) Gun running, murder, political intrigue, romance on Mexican border.

Yesterday's Enemy (Hammer, Columbia) Jungle fighting in Burma between Japanese and British detachments. Strong argument against war.

The Warrior and the Slave Girl (Columbia) Confused melodrama of ancient Roman court intrigue, rebellion and war in second century.

FOR ADULTS

A Summer Place (WB) Screen version of Sloan Wilson's novel which seems to confirm that "the sins of the parents are visited on the children."

Career (Hal Wallis, Paramount) A backward look on the years during which a man let nothing stop his determination to be a success on Broadway.

Pillow Talk (Arwin, U-I) A quarreling voice on a party line becomes sweet music when a couple fall in love. Sophisticated comedy.

Subway in the Sky (Sydney Box, U A) Crime, suspense and shady romance involving an American doctor in NATO.

Five Gates to Hell (20th C-Fox) A series of atrocities during the war between Vietnam and France in 1950.

The Tingler (Castle, Columbia) Horrifying science fiction melodrama dealing with revolting and unethical medical experimentation.

Inside the Mafia (Premium, U A) Violent chronicle of a crime syndicate with barely disguised names, places.

Return of the "Glad Girl"

IN the Thanksgiving issue of 1912, CHRISTIAN HERALD began a serial story that was to bring a new word into the English language and a new child heroine to literature. The story, later published as a book, was Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna*.

This summer the Walt Disney Studios started filming a screen version. *Pollyanna* is still the "heartly, romping, modern American girl," though somewhat less precocious and a little more reticent about telling people of the "glad game" she and her father invented. She still believes that "every cloud has a silver lining."

THE HOLLY PLATE

(Continued from page 73)

passed the plate on to Tommy. "While we were having our Christmas dinner the doorbell rang. It was two men from the Breckinridge Museum. They had heard about the Sheraton sideboard and wanted to see it."

He leaned back in his chair and looked out through the hallway toward the wide front door. "Your mother invited them in and brought them here to the dining room—it was the only room in the house, except the kitchen, that had any heat in it! They were quite excited about the sideboard—wanted to buy it right then and there."

Susan watched the smile being born on her father's face. The tired lines eased and his eyes warmed with a familiar glint. "I'll never forget how those men looked when your mother told them our furniture was not for sale!" He began to chuckle. "They glanced at the remains of our Christmas dinner—spare ribs and sauerkraut, if I remember correctly. Their keen eyes took in the shabbiness of the house and the worn carpeting in the hall. I had the feeling they even saw the darned toes of my socks!"

"Then what happened?" asked Tommy, scraping the last bit of chocolate from his plate.

"Then your mother invited the gentlemen to sit down and have some dessert with us. She cleared the table and brought in the pecan cake—on the holly plate, of course. We had a very pleasant half hour with our guests who never mentioned the sideboard again." He smiled, remembering. "We had many a laugh over that, your mother and I."

"I can imagine that Mrs. Hamilton made the gentlemen from the museum feel as comfortable as if they had been especially invited," said Bill thoughtfully. "She had a way of making people feel wanted. I remember how kind she was to me that first night you had me here to dinner." He looked at Susan's father. "Do you bring all your law clients home to dinner?"

"Well, no, Bill, but you were a stranger in town and you struck me as being sort of lonely."

"I was seldom any other way," said Bill, "in all my life. Until that night you invited me here and I met Susan. And all the rest of you, of course," he added somewhat hurriedly.

"You didn't pay a bit of attention to me," pouted Barbie. "And as I recall it I had on a very becoming, brand-new dress!"

"You looked like a little girl, playing dress up," said Bill bluntly. "I wanted to be a brother to you!"

"To me, too?" asked Tommy eagerly.

"I guess I wanted to claim you all,

Tommy," said Bill. "I never had any family of my own."

"That's really tough, you know?" said Barbie thoughtfully. "I used to feel sorry for Marge, being an only child. But she was better off than you. You didn't have anyone." Her small face was sober as she tried to comprehend the enormity of such alone-ness. And then she exclaimed, "Remember the Christmas Marge didn't have anyone? The time her mother had a ruptured appendix and nearly died, and Mr. Russell was so upset he forgot all about Marge?"

"I remember," said Mr. Hamilton, nodding. "Your mother and I went over next door at eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve and carried the child over here. She didn't even know she'd been moved until she woke up in our guest-room next morning with you shouting 'Merry Christmas' in her ear."

"And Mother didn't know where Mrs. Russell had hidden Marge's presents," Susan put in.

"So she divided the toys she'd bought for you three into four lots," smiled Mr. Hamilton. "And the first thing Barbie did on Christmas morning was to give Marge half of hers!"

"I'm glad I did," said Barbie. "Marge would have done as much for me. And I felt so sorry for her without her mother and father at Christmas time."

"Well, what do you think about old Bill there," said Tommy loudly. "He never had anybody, ever—at Christmas or Easter or Fourth of July—until he got us!"

Susan looked around the table at the faces of her family and swallowed hard around the lump in her throat, a lump not of sorrow but of happiness. The family wasn't falling apart, not as long as the bricks were held together with the mortar of happy memories!

Barbie folded her napkin with studied casualness. "I think I'll run over to Marge's." She looked at her father diffidently. "We'll probably talk about school and—and things."

"Maybe I'll change into my old clothes and try out my skates," Tommy reached for a handful of salted nuts. "You want to come along, Bill?"

"Thank you, Tommy. I'd like to," Bill answered. "But first I want to say something while everyone's here." There was a new note of confidence and happiness in his voice. "If you all want Susan and me to come back here to live—" his eyes went from face to face—"why, I can't think of any place in the world we'd rather be!"

He reached out his hand to cover Susan's as it lay on the white table cloth, close to the holly plate.

And the gap was closed. THE END

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Hunter: "And while wandering around the native village, I spotted a leopard."

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High Cost of Living

A soldier who lost his rifle was lectured by his captain and told he would have to pay for it. "Sir," gulped the soldier, "suppose I lost a tank? Surely I wouldn't have to pay for that."

"Yes, you would, too, if it took you the rest of your Army life."

"Oh well," said the soldier, "now I know why a captain goes down with his ship."

Matter of Opinion

A little boy was fishing when a man came along.

"Is that bait any good?" he asked.

"I don't think so, but the fish do," answered the little boy.

Half and Half

One student to another: "Were the questions hard?"

Other student: "No, the questions were easy. It was the answers that stumped me!"

Makes a Difference!

Edward: "I have a method of improving the flavor of salt."

Mom: "You have? How?"

Edward: "You sprinkle it lightly over a big steak."

On the Halfshell

Dick: "May I have any kind of sea food I like?"

Mother: "Yes, dear. What shall I order for you?"

Dick: "Salt-water taffy."

Better Late . . .

It was after midnight when the department store manager's phone rang. "This is Mrs. James Smith," said the voice, "one of your customers. I want to tell you about the hat I bought at your store the other day. It's lovely. I like it better than any hat I ever had."

The sleepy, tired manager was a little exasperated. "That's fine," he said, "but why did you call me up just now to tell me?"

"Because," said Mrs. Smith sweetly, "your truck just delivered it."

Frustration

Father: "What's the matter with Bobby?"

Mother: "He has dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."

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